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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE reasons for the delay in the publication, in whole or in part, of the report of the Inter-Allied Military Commission of Control on German Disarmament are probably far more important than the report itself. This delay is naturally being interpreted as a sign of serious differences between the British and French points of view, not only as to the steps Germany must take before Cologne can be evacuated, but also as to the whole question of French security. The problem would be simplified if France knew that Great Britain was ready either to accept the Geneva Protocol or to guarantee not only the frontiers of France, but also those of Poland and Czechoslovakia. But the amendments that would be necessary before the British Empire could accept the Geneva Protocol are not likely to be made known before the League of Nations Assembly in September next. There is thus a vicious circle. France wants us to remain on the Rhine until we have guaranteed her security in some other way. At the same time, the British Government considers Germany's membership of

the League as one of the most important steps towards security that could be taken. But Germany is not likely to follow our advice in this respect while German public opinion is excited by the belief that we remain in Cologne without justification.

## DISARMAMENT AND THE LEAGUE

Another aspect of the problem of security is to be dealt with by the League of Nations Council, which meets on March 9. This body will shortly be made responsible for the control of armaments in ex-enemy countries, and the plans for investigation, drawn up by military experts of the different States Members of the Council, are to be considered in March. In the British view, the Versailles Treaty left no doubt that League control ought to be less galling to Germany than Inter-Allied control has been, and that it should be sufficient to send an *ad hoc* commission of investigation to Germany in the event of a reported breach of the treaty. But during the last few days even such moderate Frenchmen as M. Paul Boncour, the Socialist leader, have stated quite definitely that there must be a permanent organiza-

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tion of control on the spot, at any rate in the demilitarized Rhine zone. This French claim has attracted very little attention in England, but it has aroused great indignation in Germany, and Mr. Chamberlain will have to play his cards very carefully in Geneva if he is to convince both the French and the Germans that he believes in playing fair.

#### CAILLAUX AND THE FRANC

When it was rumoured a few weeks ago that M. Herriot would probably be compelled by ill-health to give up the French Premiership, it was generally believed that M. Briand would succeed him. Indeed, quite a number of uncharitable persons suggested that M. Briand himself had originated the resignation rumours. Now, however, M. Briand is quite eclipsed by M. Caillaux, who will, in the opinion of prophets who should know what they are talking about, be Prime Minister within three months. Public opinion is notoriously fickle; it is especially fickle in its treatment of political martyrs. But we imagine that M. Caillaux's success is due much less to his term of imprisonment than to the popular belief that he will be able to restore to health the finances of France. The fall of the franc is not due to the wicked machinations of Great Britain, the United States or Germany, but to the panic of Paris financiers. Possibly M. Caillaux could allay their fears, but, in the meantime, we feel that this panic is likely to make political agreement between Great Britain and France more difficult rather than more simple. There is, in French newspaper comment, a note of desperation that was absent during the financial crisis of a year ago.

#### ATTACKS ON MR. MACDONALD

The lot of the Leader of His Majesty's Opposition is not a happy one. The Socialist policeman has difficulty in controlling the traffic of his back benches. Recently revolt against Mr. MacDonald's leadership has become vocal, and now to add to his troubles comes a blow in the back in the form of an attack on what he might justly consider the brightest jewel in the crown of his Ministerial achievement. A pamphlet has been issued from a Labour press, called 'Ramsay MacDonald's Foreign Policy,' which is not, as might reasonably be supposed, a eulogy, but an attack. Of all the bouquets flung at the feet of the ex-Premier none was more roseate, none perfumed with sweeter adulation, than those in tribute to his Foreign Ministry. Alas, that his very real achievement in this office does not vibrate in the memory when the soft voice of authority has died, and that it should now be attacked from a quarter where attack might least be expected. Mr. MacDonald has our sympathy.

#### MR. MACDONALD AND INDIA

It is creditable to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald that, in regard to India and Egypt, he has not become irresponsible on shedding official responsibility. The party of which he is somewhat precariously the leader has been to blame for a good deal of the unrest in both countries. Its least enlightened members have had an unfortunate habit of discovering and magnifying native grievances in India and Egypt, and used to encourage the Nationalists of both countries in the most mischievous form of agitation by raising hopes that

Great Britain could be tired or terrified into concessions of which British opinion did not approve. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, however, has employed very different language, both in his utterances as Premier and in such communications as his recent message to Indian politicians. His good sense and consistency in these matters deserve recognition from opponents.

#### A TRADE UNION ALLIANCE

An attempt is to be made to revive the industrial Triple Alliance, which came to an end on "Black Friday," in April, 1921. This time, however, it is to be a Quadruple Alliance, as the co-operation of the Amalgamated Engineering Union is being solicited. No possible objection to such an *entente* can be raised, provided the practical uses to which it is put are legitimate. There will be, however, a very serious temptation to a powerful amalgamation of this kind to use the weapon of the general strike as a means of blackmailing the Government of the day and the community into acquiescence in the demands of any one of its units, whether those demands be just or no. Whether Labour will have the wisdom to resist this temptation remains to be seen, though the attitude of Mr. Cook, the Miners' Secretary and instigator of the new *rapprochement*, does not inspire great confidence. It is by no means certain, of course, that the meditated alliance will come off; nor, if it should, is there any reason to suppose that it would stand the test of concerted action any better than its predecessor.

#### THE BUILDING TRADE UNION

For obstinacy and selfishness it would be difficult to match the record since the end of the war of the workers in the building trade. They absolutely refused to allow of dilution when it was desired in the interests alike of so peculiarly deserving a class as the ex-Service men and of a nation suffering from shortage of houses. Even the offer of £250,000 from the State could not move them. Now, when at long last possible substitute houses of steel are in view, they are endeavouring to deprive the nation of that relief by insisting that work on these steel houses, which is utterly different from work on bricks and mortar, and can be done by unskilled men, should be governed by the wage and other conditions operative in the ordinary building trade. How long can the public tolerate this sort of dictation?

#### WATERLOO BRIDGE

The London County Council is very sure of itself, very prompt and business-like in its decisions, when it likes. After a fortnight's consideration it has decided—in the face of very considerable expert opposition—to pull down the world's finest bridge. After ten years' consideration, however, it has not yet been able to make up its mind to adopt the scheme of improvement which involves the building of a road bridge across the Thames at Charing Cross in place of the existing railway bridge, and transference of the Southern Railway station to the south side of the river. We wish we could be sure that the opposition to this scheme were as single-minded as that to the demolition of Rennie's structure. That opposition is dictated purely out of consideration for the none too lavish beauty of our capital city.

## ALTERNATIVES

It is difficult to marshal the opinion of Londoners on this subject, but if they have not the energy to show by their protests that they deserve the bridge they have got, they will probably wake up to find they have got the bridge they deserve. Should it be finally and absolutely proved that the present bridge cannot be made fit for traffic, there remains the suggestion recently put forward in the *Daily Graphic*, which does not seem to be wholly remote from possibility: namely, that the bridge, being an architectural masterpiece, should be retained in its present form as a monument, a *ponte vecchio* to be used for light traffic only, and a new bridge built at Charing Cross. But it has yet to be proved to the satisfaction of many people—though not of the business-like L.C.C.—that the present bridge cannot be satisfactorily restored.

## THE OPIUM CONVENTION

There are in theory two ways of checking the abuse of opium and its derivatives—control of opium cultivation throughout the world and control of chemical treatment of the opium in the few countries in which it can be turned into morphine and heroin. America, piqued by failure to secure adoption of the first method—which would not be worked for a week in China, which Persia frankly said she could not afford to apply, and which would not be accepted by Turkey—has declined to associate herself with the countries which have now adopted the second by the Convention of Geneva. It is an unwise abstention. However, central control of the derivatives of opium may doubtless count on moral support from America, and will do good. The Protocol, which pledges its signatories to abolish the smoking of opium within fifteen years of the suppression of opium smuggling, is in another category. It is well-intentioned, but, as opium smuggling will not be put down in China this side of the millennium, it means little to practical people.

## FOREIGN JOURNALISTS IN ITALY

The path of a foreign newspaper correspondent in Italy is not a smooth one. Ever since Signor Orlando, in anger, left the Paris Peace Conference, the Italians have been passing through a phase of exaggerated nationalism which renders them particularly intolerant of even friendly criticism from abroad. The Foreign Press Association in Rome is an easy-going organization, which generally prefers acquiescence to complaint. It has now, however, been driven to pass a resolution protesting against the repeated attacks on foreign correspondents which appear in the Italian Press. A foreign journalist in Rome frequently finds his messages delayed or mutilated by the censor, which, despite denials, does exist; he should be spared the additional annoyance of newspaper attacks on his private life or private opinions. We hope that the Foreign Press Association's protest will serve to convince a few Italians that treatment of this kind can only end by destroying that feeling of friendship which most foreign residents in Rome feel towards the Romans.

## STATE SHIPPING

The decision of the Commonwealth Government to sell their ships will occasion no surprise either

in this country or in Australia. In view of the heavy losses sustained by the undertaking for several years past, the wonder is that the line has been kept in being as long as it has. Less than two years ago the capital value of the fleet was written down by £8,000,000. Even then the Government persisted in pinning their faith to what every business man knew was a lost cause. At last the position of the taxpayer could no longer be ignored, and the Government's costly experiment in the ownership of merchant shipping has been brought to a sudden close. Here we have another lesson on the results of State trading and a terrible example of the effects of nationalization. The same economic law governs business undertakings whether run by the State or by the individual, and once that law is departed from disaster must follow. That is what happened in Australia; the agriculturists were constantly demanding reduction in freights, while the Unions regarded a State line of steamers as a heaven-sent opportunity for making all kinds of Socialistic experiments with the object of forcing up wages and securing easier labour conditions. Matters were not eased when the Government, as employers, found themselves drawn into their own Arbitration Courts.

## AN INTERESTING APPOINTMENT

The position of London's defences against possible aircraft attack is anything but satisfactory. Londoners would, we fear, have a very painful surprise were a fleet of aeroplanes to raid them to-morrow. Steps are, however, being gradually taken to remedy the deficiency, and under the new scheme Lieutenant-Colonel P. T. Etherton has been appointed to command the 51st London Anti-Aircraft Brigade. Colonel Etherton has had a versatile and picturesque career. He served in the South African War with Colenbrander, Rhodes's friend and fellow pioneer. He attracted considerable attention a few years ago by his expedition across Asia from India to Russia, through the Pamirs, Turkistan, Mongolia and Siberia, by a route never traversed previously. In the late war he served on four fronts, and in 1918 succeeded Sir George Macartney as Consul-General in Chinese Turkistan. Previously he was sent by the British Government on a special mission to Central Asia. He is a keen soldier and an experienced organizer, and the Brigade will be in good hands.

## THE KING

Improvement in His Majesty's health is happily such that the nation's anxiety has now yielded to gratification at the prospect of his being able to enjoy a much-needed and well-earned rest. It is long since His Majesty allowed himself anything that could properly be considered a holiday; he is too conscientious a sovereign ever to allow his personal predilections to take precedence over his manifold duties. Now, however, that his illness has made a change imperative, there will be general rejoicing that the hardest-worked man in the kingdom should be enabled to absent himself awhile from the cares of State. The loyal good wishes of nation and Empire will go with him on his Mediterranean cruise, that he may derive from it those benefits which, as a lover of the sea, should be his, and that he may return from it fully restored to health.



## CONSERVATIVES AND TRADE UNIONISM

REFORM of the state of affairs in which workers are virtually compelled to give financial support to a political cause they may detest is obviously desirable, and has been described in these columns as long overdue. But can it be brought about? And is Mr. Macquisten's Bill quite the best method of dealing with the evil? Under ideal conditions, Trade Unions would have nothing to do with general politics, but they have had to do with little else since the old-fashioned Trade Unionism, much concerned with friendly society activities, was superseded by the new Unionism of which militant bodies like the Dockers' Union, founded in 1887, the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, founded in 1889, and other organizations of that period were the pioneers. The whole character of Unionism has changed beyond possibility of return to the original in the last thirty or forty years. The old Unions were composed of comparatively small numbers of highly skilled, permanently employed workers, who could afford to pay substantially for correspondingly large but remote benefits. The newer Unions were very largely recruited from less skilled and much less regularly employed workers, who could neither pay much for benefits nor wait long for them. That difference alone, though there were many other causes, made Unionism, years ago, militant and impatient, and disposed to aggressive political activity instead of friendly society work. The Unions being deeply in politics, and having since 1903 had a system of political levy, we can now only ask whether, in practice, much can be gained by modification of it. That a man should be forced to pay for a policy of which he utterly disapproves is plainly intolerable. No Conservative doubts that. But will the compulsion be much less when for contracting out of the levy we substitute contracting into it?

On the face of things, the change promises a certain relief. It is, however, a kind of relief best appreciated by the apathetic and timid, who shrink from contracting out but would be glad to refrain from contracting in. Are the apathetic and the timid, it must be asked, quite the sort of workers who will continue to bear the reproaches of Union officials and of their comrades when they have avoided contracting in and become marked men? The advantages of the change, it seems probable, will be theoretical rather than practical. We do not for that reason dismiss Mr. Macquisten's Bill as not worth considering. In all matters of this kind it is not only the action of the workers that we have to heed but also the attitude of the State. It is something that the State should recognize what is equitable and provide a means of relief even though the workers may not feel able to make much use of the new legislation. Should the Bill be passed, it would be a reminder that the historic struggle of Mr. Osborne and the Walthamstow branch of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants was not in vain. The Socialized Trade Unions have been trying ever since the final judgment in the Osborne case, thirteen years ago, to undo its effects. Whatever real hardships were then inflicted on them have been removed by the

payment of Members of Parliament and by the permission, given by the Trade Union Act of 1913, for a political levy out of which a dissident might, however, contract. But they chafe against all recognition of the principle that no man's livelihood should be made dependent on his financial support of a particular party, and a reminder that the State recognizes what is due to the political conscience of the individual worker would have some moral value.

We feel, however, that it is to the consequences of quite another famous case that Conservatives should give the main part of their reforming energy. Not what was vindicated in the final decision in the Osborne case but what was established, a decade earlier, by the judgment of the House of Lords in the Taff Vale case. A virtually compulsory political levy causes hardship to many thousands of workers who are not Socialists, but the cowardly violation, from the date of the Trade Disputes Act, of the principle laid down by the House of Lords is a far grosser scandal. The Taff Vale strike of a quarter of a century ago caused such losses to the Taff Vale Company that it sued the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants for £24,000. Eventually, it received in all, with costs, some £40,000. Since a series of such cases would have bankrupted all Trade Unions guilty of tortuous acts through their agents, the Unions, with far from clean consciences, extorted from the Campbell-Bannerman Government a concession which the older Trade Union leaders did not desire and which that Government's own legal Ministers condemned. The monstrous Trade Disputes Act put the Unions above the law by removing all liability for damages resulting from the deeds of a Union and its officials. In order to attain this unique position of immunity, the Unions had to deny that they possessed a corporate existence, the only ground on which, in a lower Court, they had temporarily escaped liability during the trial of the Taff Vale case. But they stuck at nothing, and they got what they desired from the Campbell-Bannerman Government.

The consequences of the Trade Disputes Act were evil from the first. Strikes increased in number, and the authority of Trade Union leaders declined. No longer could a sober leader warn colleagues and men of a wilder temper that rash and violent methods would expose the Union funds to heavy charges for damages. The most powerful of restraining arguments was taken out of the hands of the best type of Trade Unionist. With the passing of years it has become increasingly plain that the Trade Disputes Act was morally and practically the worst gift ever made to Trade Unionism. It has debauched Unionism, and eased the way for every variety of Syndicalism, Communism, and Anarchy that the champions of the class war like to introduce. Its repeal, and the firm assertion of the principle that every wrongful act done by a Trade Union or by any of its officials acting within his instructions creates liability for damages, should be undertaken. And that not only in the interests of the nation as a whole but in those of Trade Unionism itself. For it is idle to demand responsibility in Trade Unionist leadership while, in one very important respect, the position is left one of irresponsibility. The Unions cannot be left above the law, first because it is wrong that any body should be above



it, and secondly because they are establishing a kind of industrial conscription which obliges the worker to choose between membership and exclusion from industry. It is not merely that certain voluntary associations are exempt from claims for damages, bad though that would be; it is the whole working population of the country that is being forced into that position. This wholesale demoralization must be stopped, and to the checking of it, by repeal of the Trade Disputes Act, rather than to action in regard to the political levy, all Conservatives should devote themselves.

## WHO SHALL RULE LONDON?

BY LORD JESSEL, C.B., C.M.G.

(President of the London Municipal Society)

AT the L.C.C. Election on Thursday, March 5 next, the important duty is given to some two million men and women to choose which of two schools of political thought and action shall govern London during the next three years. If that duty of choosing London's rulers is wrongly exercised, or, as is too probable, neglected by a large mass of citizens, then the capital of the British Empire will be under the control of the Socialist and Communist Party, who will not only instal Socialism by administrative methods, but will hamper and embarrass the Conservative Government in every possible way. Of the spirit that animates the miscellaneous collection of Labour-Socialist and Communist candidates there can be no doubt. The *Workers' Weekly* of February 20—the Communist organ—in an article on the County Council Elections, declares: "The County Council Elections are upon us. The opportunity for the workers to strike an effective blow against their enemies is here. It is urgent that the blow be struck." It is useless for the "Moderate Socialists" of the London Labour Party to plead that Communism and all its diabolical policy is repugnant to them. The fact is that "not a single large local Labour Party in the large towns and cities of Britain have supported the decision" (of the National Labour Party) "to expel the Communists from their ranks." In London, almost every local Labour Party rejected the proposal to expel Communists. Poplar, in fact, has affiliated the Communist organizations. The plain truth is that the so-called "Labour Party," particularly in London, is permeated and ruled by Communists, who are in a majority and able to direct and control "Labour" policy and administration on our local authorities.

Therein lies the peril to London. With a Socialist and Communist majority on the L.C.C., what sort of government would London get? What kind of education would be given to the million children in the schools? To-day, "Labour" candidates at their meetings do not hesitate to denounce the teaching of religion as part of education. Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., welcomes Communists in the "Labour" ranks. No doubt the first steps in educational "reform" taken by a Labour-Socialist and Communist majority on the L.C.C. would be to abolish religious teaching in the schools, to introduce into the schools a Communist history of the revolution in Russia (as suggested by Mr. Ammon, L.C.C.), and to let the schools for Socialist Sunday schools.

On the question of finance the Labour-Socialist policy is clear. "If you want a real live Labour movement," said Mr. Gosling, M.P., a prominent L.C.C. Labour leader, "rates are bound to go up." If we want the common interpretation of Socialist financial policy, we find it in the statement of a "Labour" candidate in Southwark that "he was out to spend money all he could; that was what money was made for." Of the effect of Socialist policy on municipal finance, we may judge from their wholesale and retail trading programme, which involves the management of some thirty thousand grocers, milk, bread, meat, coal, and other shops, and probably a hundred thousand officials. In addition, they advocate free secondary education for all scholars, which would add anything from 5s. to 7s. to the L.C.C. Education rate, and keep all children at school until sixteen or eighteen years of age. The public memory is short. It is, therefore, necessary to recall the fact that after the Labour-Socialist victory in November, 1919, when fourteen boroughs were manned by Socialists, the average rate for London rose from 8s. 10d. to 15s. 9d. in three years, or an increase of 78 per cent. With the defeat of Labour-Socialism in 1922 the rates started to fall, and are now only 11s. 5d. Shortly, the record of the Municipal Reform Party is a great reduction of rates in the past three years, equal to a saving of nine million pounds; a large housing programme, which has been hindered by the sordid selfishness of the building trade unions in refusing to allow the training of ex-Service and other unemployed to be skilled bricklayers and plasterers; a marvellous reduction in the death-rate, in infantile mortality, and in deaths from consumption, as the result of excellent public health work; a wide improvement in education; and a determination to resist, by every means in their power, the strenuous efforts of the Socialists and Communists to capture London and apply Poplar methods to its system of government.

Our deadliest enemy is apathy. It is a special danger on this occasion. Many of our supporters are under the amiable delusion that, because there is a Conservative majority in the House of Commons, there is no need to vote at this L.C.C. Election. No Government, however strong, can speedily interfere with local administration in many important respects; and local powers are wide enough to enable a Socialist Council to advance a long way to Socialism. Poplar, only a small borough, has successfully defied three different Governments in the past few years. What would happen if a Socialist County Council acted unconstitutionally and defied the Government of the day? We should have Poplar on a large scale. It is, therefore, clear that the majority of the House of Commons cannot afford anything like adequate insurance to the ratepayers of London against Socialism in its local administration. Moreover, for three long years would the yoke be fastened on our necks.

To save London from the peril of Socialism and Communism, it is urgently necessary that every man and woman who voted for Constitutional Government at the Parliamentary Election last October should do so again next Thursday. Failure to vote spells the triumph of the enemies of law and order, and means a great advance along the road to the Socialist State.

## THE RETURN OF M. CAILLAUX

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

FIFTEEN or eighteen months ago, M. Caillaux reappeared on a public platform in the North of France, and his speech, though studiously moderate, showed, as well as the many articles which at the time he contributed to foreign periodicals, that he had no intention of renouncing public life. But the meeting organized for him and for M. Malvy at Magic City the other day has created much more sensation, for instead of merely contributing advice, which, under M. Poincaré, was entirely unsolicited, M. Caillaux spoke as if he were on the eve of carrying out his own ideas himself and in a style absolutely his own.

It should be noted that M. Caillaux and M. Malvy were the guests at Magic City of the Association for the Defence of *Les Droits de l'Homme*, that is to say, a sentimental, rather than a political, crowd. Long-sighted politicians, anxious not to be absent from any place where you can see the rising sun, were there, of course, but the majority were people attracted by the desire to show their antagonism to war, militarism, courts martial, treason trials, and generally all they detested twenty-five years ago when Caillaux was called Dreyfus. The political significance of the meeting was made evident in the following days by the comments in the daily Press not only in Paris, but, I might say, chiefly abroad. For there is in Italy, in Germany, in Scandinavia, and even—strange to say when one remembers M. Caillaux's anti-British policy—in England, a feeling for the amnestied exile which is not very different from that formerly entertained for Dreyfus, and a conviction that his return to office would mean an additional guarantee for European peace and, above all, a straightening of French finances by which France's creditors might profit as well as the French themselves. The belief that M. Caillaux has few, if any, rivals, as a financier, has gradually become a sort of universal dogma.

To be quite frank, I feel inclined to think that there is a not inconsiderable element of legend in this certainty. I remember with keen pleasure hearing M. Caillaux on two or three occasions at the Chamber, and admiring the lucidity with which he managed to expound difficult technicalities; but with less brilliance M. François Marsal and M. Loucheur possess the same capacity, and even M. de Lasteyrie graduated from the *Ecole des Sciences Politiques* with the halo still retained by his predecessor. The French have a passion for clarifying expression which is apt to mislead not only foreigners, but themselves into a belief that lucidity and practicalness are one thing. Curiously enough, M. Caillaux's talent for verbal *exposé* seems to desert him when he takes up a pen: my mistrust arises from the memory of the long hours I wasted over the dull, involved pages of 'Whither Europe? Whither France?' which must have left many an English or American reader wondering what sort of Europe could be rebuilt on that puzzling plan. Certainly Karl Marx, German though he was, appeared infinitely more intelligible.

At Magic City M. Caillaux limited himself to general theories, such as candidates for office, as

a rule, prudently indulge in. The high lights in his speech, however, can be summed up as follows:

1. A legacy of prejudice prevented France in 1919 from adopting at once a policy of reconciliation with Germany which would have ensured not only peace, but prosperity. Clearer-sighted statesmen had seen long before the war (no doubt at the time of the Congo arrangement) that such an agreement was possible.

2. At the present moment, owing to the mistakes made by M. Leygues and M. Millerand (designated as 1920 and 1921) and their successors, America and Great Britain expect from France more money than France can expect to receive from Germany. German payments and inter-Allied debts ought to have been tied (no mention here of either M. Poincaré's effort, or M. Herriot's forgetfulness, to do so).

3. A Capital Levy at the present moment would be difficult, though its possibility was not rejected; a better plan would be a consolidation of France's interior debt (no mention of how this can be made discernible from partial bankruptcy, or, especially, of how fresh loans can be contemplated in view of such a consolidation).

4. All this ought to be done in a spirit of decision, such as animated all great French statesmen, from Richelieu to the Convention Revolutionists. Authority and firmness should be the watchwords of any Government anxious to govern in reality and not merely in appearance.

5. Everybody, whether friend or foe, remarked that whereas all "true Republicans," as the phrase goes, invariably allude to the religious question when speaking in public; M. Caillaux did not say a word about it. The omission was undoubtedly calculated. M. Caillaux knows that the classes, which the Minister of Interior since branded as privileged, but which, in reality, ought to be merely called moneyed, object to the religious agitation, and will only consent to voluntary sacrifice if an atmosphere of social union is re-created. He also knows that some forty Radicals grouped round the silences of M. Briand, and a comparatively large section in the Senate are averse to the suppression of the Embassy to the Vatican, and it was for their benefit that, not feeling in a position to speak, he could afford to say nothing.

M. Herriot was visibly hurt by M. Caillaux's allusion to Governments that govern (instead of being manœuvred by M. Blum), and he showed it in characteristic manner by immediately promoting no less a person than M. Colson, Vice-President of the *Conseil d'Etat*, for "financial defeatism," and even more clearly by letting M. Téry, editor of the semi-official *L'Œuvre*, print a sarcastic article in which M. Caillaux's reappearance is put down to personal ambition pure and simple. "On the whole," M. Téry said in conclusion, "M. Caillaux is preparing to play the game not long ago supposed to be in M. Briand's intentions."

This, at all events, is true. The game is now between M. Briand and M. Caillaux. M. Herriot, who used to be constantly overshadowed by M. Blum and his Socialists, has at present to count with M. Caillaux as well: he cannot long remain an active influence, even if his name remains on the bill. Given the Radical-Socialist combine, one ought to have no hesitation in backing M. Caillaux against M. Briand, but public opinion, not only in France, but in the United States, is still strongly against Caillaux, and confidence, financial confidence, which everybody sees is, much more than political combinations, the *sine qua non*, will go more naturally to the moderate, than to the Radical, statesman.

## LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLER II—FROM INDIA ON EGYPT

Bombay, January 27

I WRITE my last impressions of Egypt from Bombay. On the western edge of this great Continent, with its population of over 300 million, I feel how much greater a problem faces England here than in Egypt. Yet in some essentials the problem is the same, although the scale is different; and, at any rate, what we do in Egypt is going to influence profoundly these Indian masses. So I write about Egypt from India.

You want to know how to describe Egypt to your friends. My dear fellow, don't talk to them about Egypt: they will not want to hear about it. That is the pathos which dogs the work of the Englishman abroad. If you must describe it, tell them to imagine medieval England with fewer drains and many more people, and then, in the middle of it all in London, a lot of twentieth-century gentlemen in top-hats and "tails," profusely eloquent on democratic institutions, who profess to be able to govern the country by popular representation. Honestly, that is not a caricature, and it is a position which we ourselves have created. At home, to speak of education is the surest way of raising a yawn. Most of those who pay their platonic tributes to the grim goddess of pedagogy believe her, all the time, to be a dull old spinster; and yet education can change a country.

In Egypt, by introducing, in an unimaginative way, Western education, we have produced a nation of clerks and an *intelligentsia* of agitators. It is they who are responsible for the intense anti-British feeling in Egypt to-day. The wealth of the country lies with the peasant and his cotton cultivation, and it is the sympathy of this illiterate mass, nine-tenths of the population, which we must hold. We had it in Cromer's time: why should we not have it to-day? At present the *fellah* is open to the influence of every agitation, and is willing to believe most of the things which are said against us. When we threaten him—particularly when we threaten to take away his water—he begins to believe the agitator. If we guard his interests we shall be the virtual governors of the country, whatever may be our actual status.

There are those in England, as well as in Egypt, who believe that we should guard our Egyptian influence by force. In one direction force must be used: we must clear out that gang of murderers which does undoubtedly exist in Egypt to-day. Apart from that, the solution of force is an antiquated one. In war-time you can govern Egypt by military rule, but you cannot do so now, and face the moral conscience of Europe and America. More than that, there are two traditions with regard to our policy prevalent abroad. The one is that we only yield before force, and I heard a high official in Cairo suggest that to be true. The other belief, happily strongly held, is that we have a British ideal of attempting to help subject-people to self-government. Remember, too, that as Egypt watched Ireland, so India watches Egypt. In all the poisoned atmosphere of post-war years I believe that hope in our generosity to have been retained. It is present in all the liberal Egyptian

feeling, and perhaps even among the extremists, more than British alarmists can believe. It is the same sentiment as Gandhi expressed to the Congress at Belgaum when he said: "In my opinion, if the British Government mean what they say, and honestly help us to equality, it would be a greater triumph than a complete severance of the British connection. I would, therefore, strive for *Swaraj* within the Empire."

Yet, when all has been said, do remember the peculiar difficulties of the Egyptian situation—difficulties which are entirely discounted at home. Britain is attempting to guard the interests of some fourteen different non-Asiatic nationals under the capitulations, nationals who do not pay direct taxes, who cannot be arrested by the native police, and who can conduct themselves in a way which could endanger the peaceful condition of the country. On the other hand, nearly all educated Egyptians seem interested in political intrigue, which, at the moment, means little more than anti-British hatred. All the leisure hours of the educated Egyptian seem to be spent in reading political newspapers. You might think that a mob had been let loose when the newsboys rush with the evening editions round the cafés of Sharia Kamel. It is difficult to know where intrigue ends in Egypt. A year ago the King was helping Zaghlul Pasha into office: to-day they are violently opposed. From abroad the ex-Khedive nurses his Egyptian interests, and within the country all sorts of personal combinations print national programmes for their own ends. All these difficulties are not understood by those who attempt to criticize our Egyptian policy. Egypt, as a political and social fabric, is something unique, and overlaid with centuries of complication. Our unenviable task is to distil from all this an honest Egyptian opinion which will realize that Britain has interests in Egypt, and will be prepared to develop Egyptian institutions in an amicable way.

There are but two things of which I would warn you. Don't let a worship of *formulae* affect your opinion of Egypt. The belief that Western representative institutions can be assimilated in a day by Eastern peoples, who have lived for centuries in a different way, seems to me the most fatuous of fallacies. It is welfare, not words, that we require, and Egypt's real needs lie outside the political arena. No country with her large margin of solvency should be content with the housing and the sanitation and the health which her peasants endure to-day. The other point is that we still have not eliminated Zaghlul Pasha from the Egyptian scene, even if he suffers a temporary eclipse. The most vivid personal impression which I have carried away is the impression of tenacity which this frail old man conveyed to me. He may be an egoist, but he has become a name, and politicians who would like to readjust the Egyptian puzzle to their own pattern would do well to remember how important a factor he is still, and will remain even if he is temporarily eliminated. The fallacy of the critics of Britain is to elevate all her opponents into idealists. There is little idealism in Egypt: there is much self-interest.

Yours,  
B. IFOR EVANS



## VERBOSITY IN BIOGRAPHY

BY G. H. MAIR

SOME day some historian will go into the question of the origin and history of the two-volume biography. By that time, we must hope, it will have disappeared, following the three-volume novel into the limbo which waits for the products of literary elephantiasis. Essentially it is a modern product. The ancients were interested in biography, but invariably in a succinct manner. Either like Suetonius they were more or less agreeable gossips, or like Tacitus careful artists, or like Plutarch they combined a compressed narrative with the desire to inculcate a moral lesson. Never, however, were they diffuse or verbose. The same may justly be said of the series of biographies which make up a large part of the Bible. Nothing could be more admirable than the concise and selective manner in which are told the lives of Moses and King David. We are aware of their proceedings, their character and their outward demeanour, much more clearly than we are aware from Lord Morley's three ample volumes of the character of Mr. Gladstone. It would be tedious to make a catalogue of the authors who follow the ancient tradition. Asser, in his life of Alfred, Vasari, of course, and Boccaccio, in his life of Dante, are a few. In England we had Fuller, Antony Wood, John Aubrey, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and finally Dr. Johnson. They were, certainly, bereft of some modern temptations. They could not write to the papers and appeal for any letters written by their subject-matter with the assurance that they should be copied and carefully returned. They could not, like the admirable Lockhart or Mr. Buckle and Mr. Monypenny, just shuffle everything in. But they exercised even within the limits of their exiguous material the right of judgment, and consequently of rejection.

Undoubtedly Boswell is responsible for our present load of mischief. He altered altogether the scale on which it was considered reasonable to examine the life and opinions of the eminent, and though, had they considered it, his followers might have perceived that the bulk of his book is much more like a Platonic dialogue than a biography, the fascination of that bulk proved fatal to them. Boswell must, of course, have selected his material. It may be conjectured that he had many notes of conversations that he did not use, and many circumstances, and possibly letters, that he omitted. His successors have not been so wise. While Johnson himself was content with a discreet laziness to write the life of Milton in a handful of pages, the learned Professor Marson wrote it in an incredible number of pages, which contain a copious account of the political history of the seventeenth century into which Milton looks from time to time just to see how it is getting on. Dean Farrar's life of Christ, not to speak profanely, is spun out with a mass of topographical and other conjecture, which would have mildly surprised the succinct Mark and Luke. As for some of the biographies of our own contemporaries, Heaven help us and enable us to preserve our charity on Tuesday next, when the first considerable volume of King Edward's life comes along.

The renaissance of English biography began with Mr. Lytton Strachey, but he had at least one

forerunner, Lord Rosebery, whose little book on Lord Randolph Churchill is a masterpiece of its kind. The difficulty about Mr. Strachey is that he frightens other writers. His biographical essays are just a little bit too polished and brilliant, and they defeat a little those who would be inclined to attempt emulation by their Chinese-box method of construction, by which, enclosed in the larger frame-work, are other things equally well proportioned. You read him on General Gordon, and you find enfolded in an amazingly perceptive piece of writing a description of Mr. Gladstone, which relegates Lord Morley's 'Life' to where I saw it the other day, in a bookseller's window, first edition, and at a third of the original price. Cardinal Manning gives him an excuse for presenting you with a remarkable portrait of Cardinal Newman, and, rather surprisingly, in the middle of his essay on Florence Nightingale, which is admittedly the only derivative thing that Mr. Strachey has done, there are set the salient facts about that tedious but, no doubt, estimable person, Mr. A. H. Clough. His 'Life of Queen Victoria' is constructed in the same manner. There are to be found portraits of her egregious and rather bulbous royal uncles, a lovely and significant glimpse of Lord Palmerston, and a presentment of Prince Albert which nullifies all the tedious volumes of the Baron Stockmar and Sir Theodore Martin. Indeed, future historians will have cause to be grateful to Mr. Strachey for the completeness with which he has absolved them from the dreadful necessity of reading the life of the Prince Consort in the original text. Possibly some day somebody will do the same thing to the work of Sir Sidney Lee, but again, perhaps, I rashly anticipate.

One swallow, however, or indeed one Strachey, does not make a summer. The biographers and, still worse, the compilers of reminiscences who seize upon some unfortunate military man, who is just as illiterate as the expectant publisher is incompetent to command an army, pursue their devastating way. Nowadays it is enough to have taken part in some of the minor and trivial operations incidental to the conduct of a considerable Empire to justify your writing, or still more frequently, permitting to be written for you, a futile record, garnished with photographs of odd-looking men in whiskers and vanished uniforms, and devoid of any public interest whatever.

As Hamlet in his bitterness said about marriages, "Those that are made shall stay as they, but let us have no more."

## THE LÉNER QUARTET

BY DYNELEY HUSSEY

IT is frequently to be observed that a man setting out with one aim in view will attain some other entirely different. I have myself on the rifle-range scored bulls for my neighbour. So we need not be surprised, much less annoyed, that the Léner Quartet, ostensibly setting out to show us the "Evolution of Chamber Music," should have succeeded in transporting us for some fourteen hours into one or other of the seven heavens where man may forget that he is being instructed, and may read with no tears in his eyes but those which spring from the wells of Beauty.

The purpose of the Quartet was, indeed, miscalled from the start, for such a scheme could not be complete, which omitted all music written before the eighteenth century. To mention nothing else, this meant ignoring our own Tudor composers and their successors in the Restoration period. How one would like to hear their refined tone and balanced chording applied to Purcell's Fantasias! However, allowing them this limitation, their concerts have amounted to a complete exposition of the budding, the full bloom, and the fantastic seed of the Sonata form. Nor could they have done better than begin with Stamitz and Richter, the leaders of the Mannheim School. These names appear seldom on our programmes. Yet in their day they were important figures, and they stand in relation to Haydn and Mozart as Telemann and Buxtehude stood to John Sebastian Bach. For their compositions must be among the earliest in which the elements of the classical sonata-form are fully present. The particular works played by the Léner Quartet had, however, far more than this merely historical interest to recommend them. Indeed, I venture to think that, were Richter's Quartet in D major attributed to Mozart or Haydn—and there were in it distinct foreshadowings of the melodic idiom of both these masters—it would be in the repertory of every self-respecting Quartet.

Next came Tartini, representing contemporary Italy, and Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf, who made a convenient link with the Viennese School of the last half of the century. They brought home to us the disadvantage of the historical method. For one began to feel the need of something more profound and more complex than second-rate examples of music in an elementary stage of development, however deliciously played. The same fault appeared at the following concert, where one of Boccherini's thousand and one works was sandwiched between two from Haydn's latest period. Boccherini's Quintet was chiefly interesting for the proof it gave that popular estimation was right when it chose to remember the pretty Minuet and forget about the rest of his work. The other movements were notable only for the curious use of the two violoncelli, which are written for at the top of their compass, sometimes above the violin-parts. The result is unpleasant, but can hardly have been unintentional, seeing that the composer was himself a virtuoso of the instrument. About Haydn's Quartets, which unfortunately found Mr. Léner on one of his off-days (he is, after all, human), I need say no more than that I failed to see in them the overwhelming influence of Mozart about which so much is said. There was a trace of it perhaps in the Finale of the D major, but otherwise, apart from the use of the same instruments and the same diatonic scale, there seemed to be no more resemblance than there is between, say, Schubert and Schumann.

Mozart provided the rarest pleasure of all. The Quartet were at their very best, and their pure tone and exquisite refinement are just the qualities which the music requires. We had, too, the contrast, if we needed it, of Mr. Charles Draper's clarinet—not clarionet, O Messrs. Lionel Powell and Holt!—in the Stadler Quintet. This was beautifully played, and I cannot agree with those who found Mr. Draper's tone too coarse. Our wind-players are inclined to over-refine their tone,

approximating it to that of the strings, with which it is intended to contrast at least as much as to blend. We never hear in London the true effect of that *scherzando* passage in the 'Meistersinger' Overture, as anyone who has experienced the brittle, chirpy tone of German players will admit. So I admire Mr. Draper for upholding the individuality of his instrument and not attempting to convert it into a fifth string. On this occasion, it must be recorded, one was able to enjoy, from a seat, the unusual spectacle of "standing-room only" at a concert which relied entirely upon musical excellence to attract its audience.

The very qualities which made the performances of Mozart so good proved a little disadvantageous when it came to Beethoven. His fiery, uncertain temperament demands a corresponding ardour in the manner of playing his works, and his big tunes need a greater breadth and robustness of style than this Quartet brought to them. A high French polish is well enough for a graceful piece of inlaid Sheraton, but Jacobean oak wants a different finish. Moreover, it seemed to me superogatory to play the three Rasumovsky Quartets in one programme. Beethoven had been sufficiently represented at his best in all three periods by the C minor from Opus 18, the "Harp" and the C sharp minor from the posthumous set. There is a feeling of self-satisfaction about the works of his middle period, which makes them tedious when grouped together, and a good deal of the material, especially in the second of the Rasumovsky set, is poor in quality. But that said, the greatest experience of these concerts was the performance of the C sharp minor Quartet. It is terrible music torn quivering from an agonized heart. Its lighter moments are perhaps the most tragic of all, for in them one seems to hear the laughter of a man hiding the madness of despair. The whole is as overwhelming as 'King Lear.' M. Vincent d'Indy, in an article, quotations from which appeared recently in *The Times*, suggests that these late works are an expression of the composer's deep religious faith in the face of misery and disease. But this distinguished critic seems to me to read rather more of his own Franckian philosophy into the music than is really warranted. At the same time, it is true that in certain passages, the opening Fugue of this quartet and the Adagio in the Lydian mode of the A minor, he does reach a mood of spiritual and unearthly calm, for which there is no parallel, except in 'Parsifal.' Indeed, there is more than a superficial resemblance, not of theme or idiom, but of thought, between the last works of the two composers. They were both worn out by life, but their genius still burnt clear, and at these moments took on a purity of flame which suggests that they had found consolation.

With Schubert's 'Death and the Maiden' returned that rare spirit of sheer delight, which seemed to have left music when Mozart died. It was by far the longest work played during the series, but its lucid beauty held us enthralled for every minute of the forty-five it took to play. There are still to come, at the moment of writing, the austere beauties of Brahms and the moderns—but not so very modern—represented by Franck, Debussy, and Mr. Eugene Goossens. Foolish virgins take note that this concert begins at 5.30, not very sharp, this (Saturday) evening!

## THE THEATRE

## 'HAMLET' AT THE HAYMARKET

BY IVOR BROWN

*Hamlet.* By William Shakespeare. Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

I HAVE never been to America, but my haphazard observations lead me to suppose that it is a leisurely country. As our own social life gallops along our newspapers dwindle in size: it is supposed that only odd and particular people can read a full column on a single topic. Your modern citizen must not be confronted with more than he may take in at a glance; the day's work calls. But an American newspaper sprawls in yards where ours is packed in inches. Its editor is presumably no fool, and he would not expensively prepare this staggering feast of printed matter unless the American public had the time and inclination to consume it. My impression of a nation with time on its hands and a taste for earnest patience was confirmed when I saw our American Hamlet. No Prince of Denmark in my experience has been less of a hustler; none plodded more conscientiously through scene and syllogism. Mr. John Barrymore believes, more than any actor I have seen, in the power of the pause.

I welcome his Hamlet, not merely because he has come to remind the West-end that there is such a play, and has made a journey that can hardly be lucrative to do so, but because he is a representative of what Hamlet called "capability and god-like reason." His slow approach to the text is reverential; whatever you may miss in his Hamlet, you will not miss the argument. What one sees and hears is a player of high executive talent addressing himself to a philosophy that is not to be ranted for tempestuous dramatic effects, but hammered out lovingly with the craftsmanship of the contemplative mind. He does not allow the rich and sensuous imagery of Hamlet's speech to act as tinder for an emotional bonfire; his mind does not leap from peak to peak of thought; instead he moves, point by point, to his conclusions with the honest gravity of a relentless thinker.

Hamlet is everyman; nobody is everyman; therefore nobody can be Hamlet. The actor must abide by some such syllogism and work by selection; if Mr. Barrymore elects for a syllogistic Hamlet he is perfectly within his rights. Furthermore, he backs his choice with a level and unflagging execution; his presence is a fine one; the front of Jove himself and the station of the herald Mercury this Hamlet presents as hereditary characteristics; his voice, though not of great range, is clear and delicate and the apt medium of a good prose Hamlet. The surge and sweep of Shakespeare's mighty line do not get their full articulation from Mr. Barrymore's delivery. He is hardly "blasted with ecstasy," but in his leisurely, slow-motion way he manages to "plod on and keep the passion fresh."

We miss, accordingly, the abrupt and earthy Hamlet, the Hamlet of smutty jest and relentless sexual metaphor. The terrible "one word more" to Gertrude,

Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse;  
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers, . . .

was too much for Mr. Barrymore. He cut it. It certainly does not come nicely from that courtier

Hamlet, with a perfect throne-side manner, who emerges from Ophelia's speech. Ophelia evidently thought Hamlet a gentleman, though he took swift steps to show her that he was both bigger and more brutal than that. All through the play, however, runs this spruce Hamlet, gentle and valiant, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and this figure Mr. Barrymore can very handsomely present. But the other Hamlet, tortured and torturing, at once allured and revolted by sensuality, capable of cruelty and mouthing terrible words, is not an early casualty in Mr. Barrymore's production: he simply never was born. But can one conceivably have this duality embodied in a single person? Only the extremity of genius will present it.

On the score of his pace Mr. Barrymore challenges definite censure. If the scenes of 'Hamlet' are to be squeezed into an evening's entertainment for people who will miss neither dinner nor last train, the slower you go the fewer. On the first night the audience was in at eight and out only just before midnight. Within this space of time the 'Old Vic.' would very nearly have acted the total text, but Mr. Barrymore had to make heavy cuts. His time was not wasted on scenic juggling, but simply in the dawdling of the players, and particularly of himself. The Shakespearean allusion to the two hours' traffic of our stage may not apply to the greater tragedies, but it suggests speed for any of his plays, and I always imagine the Elizabethan actors as being men of impetus. Mr. Barrymore would do well to give us more of that assaulting spirit and less of the funeral march. I resent a Hamlet who has no time for

How all occasions do inform against me.

Turning from the mind's eye to the eye itself, I find Mr. R. E. Jones to have devised the best setting of the play in my experience. The arch that frames the castle hall has a long stairway behind it that may, at a moment's notice, lead to the external platform of the Ghost or the internal platform of the players. For the other scenes a pleasant drop-curtain sufficed. The steep stairway might have proved sadly embarrassing to a court of which we are definitely informed that it was known to the world for its draughts of Rhenish and heavy-headed revels; and it was distinctly nimble of Ophelia, in trailing gown and full madness, to achieve the summit as she did.

Of the company Mr. Malcolm Keen had the suave malignity and brave presence that make a perfect Claudius; so few who play the King look really formidable, their menace seeming bombast merely. Mr. Keen was a Claudius worth tackling by any gallant prince. On the other hand, Miss Constance Collier has too strong a personality for Gertrude, who is surely a feeble, if lovely, piece of frailty. Miss Fay Compton looked exquisite as Ophelia, and, in a lunacy of the lighter, not the larger kind, was exquisitely pitiful. Mr. Courtenay Thorpe emerged from his retirement to speak the Ghost's part with an awesome, other-worldly potency that had all the agony of damnation in its tone. How different from the usual bluff baritone who booms away from beneath his muslin canopy as though fasting in fires were to be recommended for the voice and nerves. Mr. Thorpe made the night as hideous as Mr. Barrymore made it beautiful.





Dramatis Personae. No. 140.

By 'Quiz.'

MR. JOHN BARRYMORE AS HAMLET.

## ELEMENTARY EDUCATION

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

A RECENT article in the *Daily Mail*, with the correspondence following upon its publication, has centred attention on the subject of elementary education in this country. An examination conducted by Mr. Harold Cox, on behalf of "Associated Newspapers," produced results which cannot in any way be described as satisfactory. The public naturally asks "Why?" In the first place, let us be careful not to exaggerate. We must remember that the pick of the elementary school-boys have, or should have, taken advantage of the numerous scholarships available and proceeded to one or other of the secondary schools of the intermediate or higher grade, thereby leaving only the less intelligent, from among whom Mr. Cox had to choose his candidates. But this is not enough to explain the failure of the majority of twenty-six boys, who were, presumably, not the worst of the product of the schools. Are we, then, getting the result we desire from the elementary schools? Are there weaknesses in the organization of our schools, and if so, what are they? Are we trying to get too much and, *ipso facto*, getting too little?

One great weakness of the system is undoubtedly the size of the classes. Teaching as distinct from lecturing, however educational the latter process may be in some cases, necessitates a large amount of personal attention on the part of the teacher to the individual pupil. With classes of fifty or more this is surely impossible. It is obvious that the task of work for fifty pupils, if done thoroughly, is bound to be a severe tax on the physical powers of the teacher. In any case, such a task is deadly to the educational vitality of those undertaking it. This is a matter of first-rate importance.

In the later stages of elementary school life the problem becomes more complicated. The President of the Board of Education has said that the main weakness of the existing system lies in the education given between the ages of eleven and fourteen. That is, of course, a period during which striking developments often take place. Moreover, it is a period at which it becomes necessary to consider the probable future of the pupil. There will be a proportion of boys, not as a rule very large, but far too large to ignore in the consideration of any scheme, whom it will be profitable to the community to transfer to secondary schools. The way to the very highest education must be open. It is generally expedient that such boys should be transferred with the aid of scholarships, free places, etc. (maintenance grants will be necessary in some cases), to the intermediate grade of secondary schools at the age of twelve or thereabouts. Individuals, of course, differ. In the case of the very best the removal from the intermediate to the higher grade of secondary school should take place at the age of fourteen—again, of course, making an approximation. There remains the larger and, in many ways, more difficult problem of the treatment of the residue, i.e., of the majority of the pupils. Here the question of the probable career of the pupils arises. It is important to consider this in the interest of the boy, as well as of those who are to be brought into contact with him when he leaves school. Boys who are likely to earn their living in clerical occupations differ from boys whose future occupation is to be mainly manual. Could not a differentiation be made in the upper standards, giving a choice between the subjects most useful to the "clerical" and those most suitable to the "manual"? This should, of course, take up only a minor portion of the available time, and should not be allowed to interfere with the scheme of general education. If the Board of Education is to take stock and remodel its system, it might with advantage consult

its inspectors and the local Directors of Education as to the possibilities (differing in different parts of the country) contained in this suggestion.

Above all, it cannot be stated too often that the study of the "essential subjects" should be made thoroughly sound. In this connexion we would suggest that one source of weakness is the absence of a final examination. Far be it from us to reintroduce the evils of the old system of payment by results. Anyone who knows education at all knows also how many undesirable features characterized that system. This is not a vicious attack on the inspectorial system or the inspectorate: the services of H.M.I. are far too valuable for that. It does not, however, follow that inspection, by itself, is sufficient, or that we might not gain a good deal by the addition of examination. There is always a danger that inspection may become, to an excessive extent, an inspection of the teacher and not enough an inspection of the pupil. When there are one teacher and fifty pupils this is a difficulty hard to overcome. There is, moreover, the fact that, however good the teaching, much must always depend upon the pupil. Now, shocking though it may sound, few boys are enthusiastic about learning for learning's sake, and compulsory education has, of course, not increased this enthusiasm. Compulsion seldom does produce such an effect. In fact, some other stimulus is wanted, and here ambition comes in. Not the ambition that looks years ahead to the career of a lifetime. This, though not unknown, is rare. But the appeal of a definite test at the end, or even the middle, of the school career is likely to be great to most boys. To pass out with a certificate that he has satisfied the examiners is something a boy can understand. The desire to possess it is likely to prove a stimulus during his school life. It certainly does so in secondary schools. Any such examination should be conducted on lines suited to the normal, or what should be the normal, product of the school, not specially to the genius or the idle or incompetent. Such an examination would give additional information to the inspectorate on the general efficiency of a school, and the certificate of success would be of value, both to the boy himself and his prospective employer. No attempt should be made to fix the standard too high or so high as to cause the demands of the examination to occupy the whole attention of the teaching staff. A certain amount of "freedom to expand" in teaching is very valuable. Often the most inspiring work is done in this way. So, too, is opportunity most frequently given for the best of the pupils to show their superiority, and so earn their promotion to the higher ranks of the army of students. While demanding the utmost thoroughness in essentials we must be careful not to take away this freedom, which is as important to the taught as to the teacher.

It is possible that the outcry against the cost of education would diminish if the critics had less to seize upon, if the ground-work of our elementary education were made more sound, and if the public had more tangible evidence of the general level attained than it has at present. To quote an important authority once more, there is much talk about free education, much about compulsory education, but little about good education. The country can afford to pay for the good and sound, whether in the humbler spheres of education or in the highest. In fact, that is merely a good investment. It cannot afford to pay for the ineffective.

If the Board of Education can bring about soundness in the work done under its *ægis*, whether the aims of that work be quite humble or really ambitious, we shall realize that it does not, as some people think, exist in vain. Meanwhile, we must realize the limitations of the individual, lest in well-meant attempts to extend higher education to everybody we succeed in educating nobody.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday.

## THE PAN-SERBS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Once upon a time—to be exact, throughout 1919—there was an Allied Food Relief Commission operating in the new post-war State known as Czechoslovakia. In an article that appeared on October 30, 1919, in a short-lived periodical, the head of this Commission wrote that the Russian Imperial armies early in the Great War "had advanced and retreated over the country several times," and he regarded this as one of the main causes of the distress prevalent there. As a matter of historical fact, the Russian Imperial armies never even reached Krakow and never crossed the High Tatra Mountains; in short, they never reached Bohemia or Slovakia. Also, once upon a time, in the great famine year 1921, a large party of British journalists visited Poland and the Russian frontier. On their return a number of them stated that the famine was indeed awful, for they had seen "children actually eating sunflower seeds!" These journalists were unaware that the eating of sunflower seed (*Ziarno slonecznika*) has been a custom in Eastern Europe from time immemorial.

Your correspondent, Mr. Cecil Melville, will probably gather from the above that I am not necessarily impressed by his "first-hand knowledge" of a country, nor by the fact that he went there "as a journalist pure and simple" for the purpose of "gain." Other people also have travelled, and have kept their eyes and ears open though they were not pure and simple journalists. And some of these are even acquainted with Slav languages, and further—as events have proved—they have been fairly correct in their original summing-up of the nature of Serb "aspirations."

Mr. Melville being unable to refute the facts contained in my last letter prefers to act according to the Ukrainian saying: "*Mui za obrasy, vui za har-buzy*," which translated means: "We talk of pictures, you talk of pumpkins." Mr. Melville talks of "Drangs nach Osten," "Drangs nach Moscow," and such-like "tales," whilst I spoke of the irrefutable fact—proved again at the recent General Election—that the Croats have never desired, and do not now desire, to be ruled by Serbia. If, as is suggested, there is a spirit of revenge prevalent in Hungary, surely the best way of exorcising it is by application of justice to the rightful aspirations of oppressed peoples.

I am, etc.,  
"TOURNEBROCHE"

## SPAIN AND THE RIFFI

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. C. Petrie assumes that the Riffi is a rebel to the Sultan of Morocco and to the King of Spain, as the former's representative in the Riff district. There are three reasons why the Riffi should not be placed in this category, but why, on the other hand, he should be regarded as a belligerent.

They are: (1) The defined meaning of the word "rebel" in a standard dictionary. (2) The Riffi has never recognized the Moroccan Sultan at Fez as his temporal ruler since the inauguration of the Sherrefian Empire by Moulai Idriss in 790.

For the space of about 100 years there was a league between the Riff tribes and a Saadien Sultan in order

to combat the aggressions of the Portuguese. No dynasty seated on the throne of Fez and Marrakesh, from the Idrissite to the Filali, have ever conquered or permanently incorporated the Riff district in their territory. The most that has ever been subdued is confined to a small tribal region south of Melilla and the city of Tetouan. The taxes remitted to the Sultan of Morocco have never been other than those which their religion commands should be paid to him as the Amir-al-Mouminin. (The authorities for these statements are the *Archives Maroc*, edited by Frenchmen, Segonzac, Ibn' Khaldun, and Sir Drummond Hay.)

The French, by incorporating Figuig in Algerian territory, refused to recognize the Sultan of Morocco's right to this area as he was unable to exercise authority over its inhabitants. The Figuig oasis has been at times incorporated in the Bled-el-Maghzen of the Moroccan Court, but the Riff has never been otherwise regarded than as Bled-es-Siba.

3. The Laws of Land and Sea Warfare by The Hague Conventions says: "The population of a territory which has not been occupied, who, on the approach of the enemy, spontaneously take up arms shall be regarded as belligerents."

Mr. Petrie mentions two other points, to which I can only say that, in one case, "two wrongs do not make a right," and that Muhammed Ben Abdul Krim seeks a reasonable solution to end this interminable war.

I am, etc.,  
R. GORDON-CANNING

19 Cadogan Square, S.W.

## CAN THE LIBERAL PARTY SURVIVE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Can your correspondent, Mr. T. H. Floyd, be under a misapprehension, I wonder? He dazzles me with his loquacious eloquence. I feel inclined to be carried away with his closing passage: "Consistency of aim and honesty of purpose are greater virtues in statesmen than loyalty to the flag of any party."

Admirable. I agree unreservedly. But I have been trying to confine myself specifically to the question, "Can the Liberal Party Survive?" Mr. Floyd says, "No." I say, "Yes." I say "yes," because I know something of the work that is being done by Yorkshire Young Liberals particularly, and I firmly believe that in the years ahead these younger men will re-establish the Liberal Party in this country. That is the crucial point at issue, and on that we differ.

He has asked me questions, and I could retaliate with others, but they are not likely to help either of us materially. For instance: however persistently he may laud Mr. Winston Churchill as the "greatest of Liberal leaders," he will not get me to agree. Such a message is likely to be most disconcerting to Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill, repugnant even to "enlightened Tories," hostile to the "New Toryism."

Besides, two paragraphs of my letter did not appear, and so questions of space would seem to debar any full-dress debate in your columns.

I am, etc.,  
FRED B. HARGREAVES

31 Clerk Green, Batley, Yorks

[We regret that considerations of space made it necessary for us to cut the previous letters of both Mr. Hargreaves and Mr. Floyd.—Ed. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—There is a welcome note in the SATURDAY REVIEW in these days. The "Tambourine Touch" is delicious, and the "happy wedding" typical of that Nonconformist conscience which has always succeeded in making the best of both worlds, and combining not too scrupulous business with piety!



One who heard in the palmy days of the Lloyd George era a young Nonconformist minister, at a County Agricultural Show, confiding to an ancient pantaloons of his persuasion (though, presumably, of a brother minister's flock), that he had made over all his furniture and goods to his wife, in order that he might go to a glorious martyrdom of Passive Resistance—this one said, and has repeated for twenty years, that Lloyd George was sowing the wind, but would reap the whirlwind, which would sweep away, not only him, but the Liberal Party.

I am, etc.,

BEATRICE H. DERRY

9 Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.

#### L.C.C. ELECTIONS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As a Conservative voter, I feel inclined to ask, now that the L.C.C. elections are upon us, what on earth the Municipal Reform Party has done to justify its claim upon these votes of ours? After promising all economies in 1922, the Municipal Reformers have increased their expenditure every year until it now stands at the appalling figure of 39½ millions for the last financial year. Before the war, it was 12½ millions! Moreover, they have ignored the District Auditor's hint that their large surplus justified a reduction in rates, for the second half of 1924.

They have had the effrontery to publish a table purporting to show what the ratepayer has been saved. In fact, since the assessment was raised in 1920, they have taken a larger sum out of the ratepayers' pockets every year since that date. In all the principal departments extravagance has been the rule. The tramways in the last year have shown a deficit of over half a million in consequence of the new policy of expenditure initiated by the present Council, a policy almost identical with the Labour policy. This deficit was not caused by low fares and high wages but by extravagant and absurd increases in the number of cars run on the existing services, and by new undertakings.

The unrepresentative character of the L.C.C. and the indifference of the Council to local considerations needs no other example than the Edwardes Square incident, which your readers, Sir, will particularly recall. Is it not time that Conservatives should make plain that this is the last time a Municipal Reform Council will be returned (if returned it be) by the Conservative vote, that we, of the rank and file, will form a new party and be prepared for 1928, unless a very different record is made?

For this election, it is to be hoped that the loss of a certain number of seats may act as a salutary warning. Were, indeed, the Chairman of the Tramways Committee in S.E. St. Pancras, and the Chairman of the Licensing Committee (City of London) both to be rejected, the loss would be well deserved.

I am, etc.,

E. S. HOOPER

(Vice-President N. St. Pancras  
Conservative and Unionist Association)

#### L.C.C. AND MUSIC-HALLS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The L.C.C. election is to be held on March 5 next and it is "up to" the voters to see that the ludicrous spectacle of both licensed and unlicensed music-halls in this area, owing to a shortsighted decision of the L.C.C. some twenty years ago, is done away with. Its own Committee passed a resolution on two occasions against such an anomalous state of things continuing, and yet the "pussyfoot" element generally in the L.C.C. did not support that recommendation. An abrogation of that condition, which decreed that all new music and dancing licences were to

be granted only on the understanding that no alcoholic beverage was to be consumed on the premises, is the only just and fair course to take, in view of the fact that now at cabaret shows "drink" can be consumed by the guests even in the auditorium. Why, therefore, should not the music-hall patron have his "glass," at least in the bar in any hall? He can get fair treatment if he will use his vote on March 5 next, in the proper way by supporting only those candidates who will be fair to the public.

I am, etc.,

W. 14

J. ANDERSON

#### THE LEAGUE OF SERVICE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The League of Service has worked for two years in London and other towns to feed the unemployed, at actual cost of the price of the food. The service in the canteens is voluntary, and in addition to this, clothing and medical help have been given, and employment found. During this period over half a million meals have been served, and the whole working expenses have been £2,000 a year. There are only three salaries paid, the highest of which is £300 a year, and the other two are about half that amount. About 50,000 letters and pamphlets have been issued, and, with the rent of the office, everything is included in the above figures.

Naturally, the Executive of the League of Service have the unemployment question continually before their eyes, and on the principle of Mr. Henry Ford's saying that "No Charity is doing public service that does not aim at making itself necessary," they are putting forward a scheme to the Government of this country and of the Commonwealths of the Empire, in order to develop Empire trade and eliminate unemployment. This has been viewed very sympathetically by all who have been approached, and it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the League of Service is non-party. The new suggestion requires money. The Government and the Colonies are asked to subscribe a yearly sum in order to establish a centre office in London which will give information on Empire goods and where they can be got. There will be branches in other parts of the country, with a certain number of travellers and district organizers, who will persuade people to ask for Empire goods and so force the shops to stock them. As Empire trade is developed, there will be a greater call in the Colonies for their own kin from home to come out and carry on the increased work.

The Executive are convinced that this is the only real cure for unemployment. The canteens which they run are, like the dole, a palliative only. The Executive appeals for assistance from the public. Any member of the public can help by:

1. Becoming a member. The minimum subscription is 4s. per annum.
2. Donation to the funds for the upkeep of the canteens.
3. Gifts of old clothes, etc.
4. Personal service.
5. The purchase of 6d. tickets, which will obtain a full meal at the canteen, and should be given instead of money to the deserving hungry.

All communications and gifts should be sent to the Organization Secretary, 114 Queen's Road, W.2. Telephone: Park 7318.

The Executive beg for assistance, not only for the sake of the unemployed, but for the sake of every member of the Empire, however rich and influential, or poor and unknown he or she may be, in order to do away with unemployment and to put up the great barrier in the path of Bolshevism.

I am, etc.,

MARK KERR  
(Admiral)

## NEW FICTION

By GERALD GOULD

*The Romantic Tradition.* By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

*Mr. Tasker's Gods.* By T. F. Powys. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

*Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four.* By R. H. Mottram. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.

I COULD write a book (but do not be alarmed: I shall not do so) on the fallacy of the preconception in art. Its motto would be those immortal lines of Mr. Belloc:

And is it true? It is not true!  
And if it was, it wouldn't do  
For people such as me and you. . . .

Take the case of Mrs. Kean Seymour—one of the best equipped, both with ability and with integrity, of the younger novelists: what must she do but write a book round a theory which has no bearing on anything that is real and valuable in her story, and which is contradicted by the story anyway? Mr. Powys is another of them: for him, literary composition must have some of the delight of stone-throwing: one sees human beings, walking about as large as life but not half as natural, flattering themselves they are fine fellows, and along comes Mr. Powys, looks at them with disfavour, observes that their motives and impulses are quite different from what they pretend, and lets fly. But the difficulty is that his imputations of motive and impulse are just as conventional as the self-flattery which he condemns: the convention is different, is indeed opposite, but it is none the less a convention. Thirdly, take for contrast Mr. Mottram. Why was 'The Spanish Farm' such a good, such a very good, book? And why is 'Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four' equally good? The question, of course, admits of no positive answer; but at least one can recognize the *directness* of the work—its complete absence of preconception. Here, nothing is tortured into an artificial mould. The thing seen is the thing recorded; and though the seeing itself is necessarily a shaping influence, it is not done by any rule laid down from without.

I always like Mrs. Seymour's novels: I like this new one much less than its predecessor. Let me try to adjust the profit-and-loss account. Most of the characters are credited with motives and ideas that are at once consistent and convincing: most of the dialogue is apt and interesting; above all, the plot is constructed with such skill that the pace, so to speak, is steadily accelerated, and the culminating crash is stage-managed superbly. On the other hand, the device by which the telling of the story is put into the mouth, or rather into the fountain-pen, of one of the characters inside it, involves an awkwardness with which even Mrs. Seymour's technique can scarcely cope: the novel has to sound *like* a novel and also like the intimate—the improbably intimate—confession of a woman who is in love with the hero. She is by profession a writer, true; but that does not help: it only adds a sort of artificial archness to her manner, as if she had one eye on her publisher's accounts and one on the unrest of her own spirit: and it makes the reader peculiarly critical of any little carelessness in her way of expressing herself. (There are several such lapses; perhaps the worst is a misquotation which spoils the point of Meredith's:

And if I drink oblivion of a day,  
So shorten I the stature of my soul.)

The hero, again, is one of those people who have "a passion for high places . . . or wide places: the mountains or the veldt." Life is too easy for such people. What reck's it them? What need they? They are sped. They pack up their troubles in their old kit-bags, and are off in search of a height and

width as abstract as themselves. This particular one marries Enid, who is a devastating prig. She is very well-drawn and perfectly true to life—except that, in life, prigs are not so popular. What with the hero's romanticism and the heroine's imbecility, they part; and, for once, the hero goes to another woman instead of to the veldt or to the mountain. And here Mrs. Seymour lets loose the thunders of her convention. Sophie, the feeble villainess, the clinging, posturing parasite, is represented as somehow being what she is in virtue of a tradition: one of the other characters says of her: "She wants a man—young, personable and with deep pockets—who'll make love to her. That's what the Romantic Tradition's done for her. Properly speaking, there isn't any Sophie when there isn't any man. . . ." The moral appears to be that, if there had been no such tradition, there would have been no Sophie: and no Sophie, no tragedy: and therefore women ought to be spiritually independent and have interests outside sex. With the conclusion, I suppose, no one could disagree: spiritual independence is obviously desirable, and every individual, man or woman, ought to have interest outside sex; but the premisses seem to me quite unreal. The tragedy was due fully as much to the priggishness of the intolerant and intolerable Enid as to the feebleness of the clinging Sophie; and the parasitic type is not exclusively female; and, anyway, it certainly does not owe its existence to any mere tradition.

This, then, is a good novel, and would be better without its moral. As for Mr. Tasker's gods, it is probably unnecessary to mention that they are his pigs. Mr. Powys, however, has this time gone further than usual in the recognition of human goodness: in Henry Neville, the unpopular vicar (to name but one of several), he has drawn a character of real beauty—but he uses him to accentuate by contrast the general darkness:

The dislike of the people towards him kept him a great deal indoors, and if ever he ventured out into the cornfields he took care to walk apart from the eyes and jeers of the labourers and the coarse jests, always referring to his house-keeper, of the farmers.

The short and simple scandals of the poor! The sweet, placid village-life, with the roses round the door and the church-bells sounding through the evening air! Well, well: it appears that Mr. Tasker's gods made the country and man made the town. It is a pity that Mr. Powys's view is so one-sided; for he has a considerable literary gift.

I think that 'Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four' is the most convincing record which has been published of the war as it appeared to the typical civilian-turned-soldier. It is given with an economy and austerity which could scarcely be over-praised: it is on the plane where relentless realism is one with selective, creative art. Those who have read that beautiful book, 'The Spanish Farm,' which was awarded the Hawthornden Prize last year, will recognize in this new volume the same characters and, in a sense, the same story; but whereas, in that, Madeleine was the centre, and the English officer appeared only as he touched her life and moved away from it again, here *he* is the centre, and Madeleine appears only as the brief alleviation, comfort and romance in the stark and heroic record of four years' weary warfare. Not that weariness is the sole, or even the main, note in the record; though no element of suffering or exhaustion is shirked, the total effect is of that ironic and indomitable quality which endures beyond the point where it knows how or why it is enduring.

Even Mr. Mottram, I am bound to add, is not immune from the germ of the external theory, the conception which, whether true or false, has nothing directly to do with the purely artistic purpose. But he keeps his moral for his preface, which, if one must have a moral and must have a preface, is the proper place for it. His story has no end beyond itself, and needs none: it is a faithful story, and a noble.

## REVIEWS

## AN ANNUAL ANTHOLOGY

*The Best Poems of 1924.* Selected by Thomas Moulton. Cape. 6s. net.

WE are a little doubtful about Mr. Moulton's title and its implications; but certainly he is a conscientious and discerning critic, and many of the poems he has here collected are worth having. He has evidently looked for merit, without prejudice as to the form it should take: he prints sonnets and "free verse" impartially. Is it a coincidence that the strict verse is on the whole so much better than the "free"? Or is there really something vital and regenerative in the beat and measure of the old forms?

The first poem, 'Consolation,' by George Villiers, is "free." It has a true and touching thought in it: it is gracefully expressed: it is nothing like poetry. Here are some of its more successful lines—certainly not to be condemned on the ground of "freedom," since it so happens that they have fallen almost into the cadence of the ordinary heroic five-foot line:

And lovers creeping closer in the dusk,  
Pleading their pitiful vows under the moon,  
And little children falling asleep like flowers.

That last image, following so close on the moon, provokes the memory of three other lines:

This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers.

We cannot discuss why it is that Wordsworth's lines are immortal poetry and Mr. Villiers's pleasant verse: nor do we suggest that Mr. Moulton should print nothing that is not of the Wordsworthian magnificence, since in that case he would print nothing at all: but we do hold (and, of course, Mr. Moulton agrees with us) that, in making estimate of contemporaries, one should bear always in mind the comparison of the great. In the present volume, Mr. Coppard is the only poet to strike the grand note:

Keep silence: love will grow  
In its own darkened air,  
A moon whose clouds do make  
Heaven and itself more fair.

Mr. Branford achieves true dignity in:

He walked a slow deliberate pace,  
And, like the world that walks in space,  
Seemed less a being than a place.

But he throws it away in rubbishy stuff, such as:

For he spoke not as one weak-  
Witted, but not as men speak  
Whose wit is bolted under Greek  
Concepts.

There are several very jolly things—notably 'Berries and Nettles,' by W. Force Stead, and 'De Gospel Train,' by Julia Johnson Davies: there are also about half-a-dozen pieces which contain some passage or passages of poetry—notably 'On a Night of Rain,' by Babette Deutsch, and 'Venus,' by W. H. Davies. Except, however, for the one by Mr. Coppard, from which we have quoted, there are but three poems in the volume which strike us as successful wholes—'Crow,' by Mark van Doren; the queer and haunting 'Tonala Besieged,' by Idella Purnell; and 'The Bitten Grass,' by Edward Shanks.

If we were to make badness rather than goodness our test, we should be inclined to divide a prize between the gentleman who writes:

They reign, the glory of our epic tale,  
Those unforgotten, proud and gracious queens,  
The loved and lovely women of the Gael,

and the one who begins:

That doctor of mental diseases,  
That damned psychiatrist chap,  
What does he know about heaven?

The latter is "free," the former formal; but something digs a level where these agree.

## RIVALS IN THE FAR EAST

*Red Bear or Yellow Dragon?* By Marguerite E. Harrison. Brentano. 15s. net.

THE picturesque title of this book might suggest that it has been written for children, but if ever there was a book for adults this is it. An important, informative work on the Far East, its serious purpose is to draw attention to and emphasize the reality of the rivalry between Russia on the one hand and Japan and China on the other. Mrs. Harrison, the author, is the correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, who was thrown into prison at Moscow in 1920 by the Soviet Government on a charge of espionage, and after several months' close confinement was deported from Russia, with the warning that if she returned she would be executed. In 1922 she went to the Far East with the object of seeing for herself the actual situation. She visited Tokyo, where she conversed with some of the Japanese leaders, and then went up north to Saghalin, which she calls Japan's Alaska. She crossed to Nikolaievsk on the mainland, and made her adventurous way to Vladivostok, then held by General Dieterichs for the Whites against the Far Eastern Republic, with headquarters at Chita, which controlled the rest of Siberia east of Lake Baikal, and which was Pink. After a glimpse of Korea, Mrs. Harrison travelled to Mukden, interviewed Chang Tso-lin, whom she styles a Manchu Macchiavelli, and was present at the abortive conference of the Japanese and the Russians at Changchun. Next, she descended on Peking, where she talked with President Li and Dr. Wellington Koo. Greatly daring, she journeyed through Mongolia, then on the verge of becoming Red, to Chita, where she was arrested by the Soviet authorities. The Far Eastern Republic had disappeared over night, and all Siberia was Red. Mrs. Harrison, willy-nilly, found herself in Russia again and in the toils of the Bolsheviks. She was conveyed under guard to Moscow, thrown into prison once more, but was permitted in the end to leave the country.

As may be guessed from the foregoing itinerary, Mrs. Harrison's travels were marked by plenty of incidents, some pleasant enough and others very much the reverse. Despite its American journalese and its numerous split infinitives, her book must be given a high place as a travel-book. But it derives its chief significance from the abundance of intimate political information and comment which it contains. Mrs. Harrison wrote months before the conclusion of the recent treaty between Japan and Soviet Russia, but she foresaw the probability of such a pact. Her view was that while the interests of both countries would be furthered by a *rapprochement*, these "must inevitably clash" later, and lead to a tremendous struggle in Eastern Asia. She thinks that China will make common cause with Japan in this conflict. She saw in China the beginning of a great movement against Western influence, a movement which she states is "undoubtedly promoting the growing understanding" between the Japanese and the Chinese. Unquestionably anti-foreign feeling is increasing in China, and as unquestionably the Japanese are deliberately working on and exploiting this feeling for their own gain, politically as well as commercially. But it is difficult to believe that the Japanese will succeed in making the Chinese really friendly to them—at any rate for a long time to come. Certainly until recently the Chinese kept their deepest hatred for the "dwarfs," as they contemptuously name the Japanese. Yet it is impossible to shut out altogether the possibility of a Sino-Japanese combination under the leadership of Japan. Such an alliance would no doubt be a great rival of Russia, Soviet or otherwise, but, as most competent observers are agreed, Japan's eyes are fixed, not on Siberia but on the Pacific, where she is convinced her destiny lies.



## GROWTH OF THE MIND

*The Mentality of Apes.* By Professor W. Kohler. Kegan Paul. 16s. net.

IN spite of the enormous increase of popular interest in the subject, especially since the war, and the glib use by innumerable cultured tongues of many of its more impressive sounding phrases, it is very doubtful, as an eminent research worker has recently stated, if psychology is within a hundred years of becoming a science. It would rather seem at present to be in that chaotic condition which has preceded the birth of other sciences in the past, and may possibly, in the case of psychology, be doing so again. As things are, however, we are confronted with a score of contending schools or groups of surmisers, each with a system of definitions and code of nomenclature upon which even its own disciples are seldom agreed. And out of this wilderness of words there are as yet very few signs of any definite progress into a promised land.

This is partly due, no doubt, to the lack of any common foundational units. And just as there was very little progress in the science of mechanics, as Mr. J. B. S. Haldane has reminded us, until its pioneers were agreed upon such basic terms as mass, velocity and force, so there will probably be none in psychology until some such equivalent spadework has been definitely accomplished. But it is also the case that the present approaches to psychology have chiefly been undertaken down pathological avenues—the attempt has usually been made, and is still being made, to deduce the normal from the abnormal—and this in the absence of any sort of compass upon which the explorers are even roughly agreed, or any control in the shape of an accepted normal mental anatomy.

For this reason such a book as the present seems to us, at this juncture, particularly valuable. For it represents a series of exact, unbiassed, and patient experiments in the conduct of the primitive minds of chimpanzees when faced with certain carefully-planned perplexities. The usual approach, for instance, to a denied object, such as a bowl of food, is made impossible, and obstacles of increasing difficulty are placed in alternative routes. The speed and facility with which these are surmounted are patiently noted in each case, and the whole forms a mass of first-hand observation of quite extraordinary interest, though the author has been wise in refusing to make any but the most tentative deductions. It is only, however, by the accumulation of such data that a normal mental anatomy can come into being; and we could wish that the same methods were being applied far more extensively and dispassionately than they are into the first infant human reactions to similarly designed primitive problems.

## A NEW ART SERIES

*Masters of Modern Art: Renoir.* By Francois Fosca. Translated by Hubert Wellington.  
*Cézanne.* By Tristan L. Klingsor. Translated by J. B. Manson. The Bodley Head. 5s. net each.

THESE volumes are among the first to be published of a new series. Others dealing with Gauguin, Monet, and Pissarro, have also appeared. Intelligent and cheap monographs, adequately illustrated, which cover in a systematic way any branch or period of art, must always be desirable. But why should the binding be such as to remind one of a school text book of mathematics? Surely books that have to do with beauty should not be so very unbeautiful. Why, again, are we not given, wherever possible, the dates of pictures reproduced and the collections in which they now are? Why, finally, when a picture is referred to in the text, is there no indication of whether it is reproduced, and if so of the number of the plate? To correct these small faults would not add materially to

the trouble or expense of production; it would be enormously advantageous to the reader.

Both monographs, considering their strict space limits, are clear and comprehensive demonstrations of the general development and technical importance of the artists, and appear to be completely translated. Renoir without colour is a poor thing, but better than no Renoir, and it is possible to observe quite distinctly the three main phases of his artistic growth. All the illustrations are serviceable, but the two drawings, 'Femme Nue,' and 'Femme portant un Seau,' are naturally the most faithful. With Cézanne also, whose form was so entirely constructed out of colour (indeed it does not exist apart from colour), and who ignored values in the ordinary sense of that word, the illustrations are but feeble aids to a most lucid and penetrating criticism. The drawing, 'L'amour en Plâtre,' is the most satisfying reproduction. Certain qualities in the oils, however, emerge clearly. The tendencies of Cézanne's brushwork, for example, with all that it teaches of his increasing restraint and application, are easily discernible: the fierce heavy work of the 'Portrait du Père de L'artiste,' the careful, diagonal strokes of 'L'Estaque,' the broken, impressionistic handling of 'La Maison du Pendu,' and the disciplined but easy treatment of 'Etude D'Arbres.' In arranging the translations of these monographs and publishing them in England, the Bodley Head are rendering a great service to art students who are unacquainted with French.

## THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

*Queer Fish.* By John C. Goodwin. Hutchinson. 18s. net.

SOME time ago Don Cleophas, becoming acquainted with the lively 'Devil on Two Sticks,' surveyed the doings of a great city. He was caught up to the loftiest spire by the inventor and producer of the



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spectacle. As you see inside a pasty when the crust is removed, so the whole tragi-comic medley revealed itself. Now we have a happier guide to the multifariousness of our own London. Mr. John Goodwin is an Irishman, witty and good-humoured, the kindly and shrewd optimist. We have but to join him in his excursions through the streets and colloquies with all sorts and conditions of men. Does Asmodeus still play his pranks? In previous books Mr. Goodwin has thrown side-lights upon criminals and the insane. Crime, perchance, is insanity, and also it shades away, by finest grades, into "business." All of us are queer fish, more or less; and mayhap the queerest are the ordinary folk. For excited crowds gather to watch a few horses cover a measured space in the least possible time. Moneys are paid to see how two men will batter and bruise each other with gloves that cannot hurt. Golden lads and lasses gyrate in the ecstatic ritual of St. Jazz. Mr. Goodwin shows us all the fun of the fair. He has the ready phrase; varies description with authentic dialogue; at need expands into the newest convention of the Short Story, with its surprise and snap at the end. "Queer, isn't it?" We become expert in the mysteries of crackmen and fences. We sample menus in exotic restaurants, and are ushered into private rooms where the novelist of the day is lecturing upon his craft. Whereupon arises battle among the Highbrows; and your dignified old gentleman, deploring the latest antics, is trailed in the dust by a bobbed wisp of a girl. Now, she declares, are the big facts of life being handled. The public must have the stuff it craves, for so shall authors—ten a penny, like women—fill their purses. Or we consort with the luckless on the Embankment, or hang about the skirts of the vociferous groups of the weekly Babel in the Park. So well is the whole done that one almost imagines a book in which Mr. Goodwin should concentrate all impressions of London. But

such achievement would surely drive us into the state of an Amiel, pantheistically merging himself in the multitudinous All; or of a Walt Whitman, reeling off in barbaric exultation his inventories and panoramas.

## NEW ZEALAND

*Ao Tea Roa. (The Long White Cloud.)* By the Hon. William Pember Reeves. Allen and Unwin. 16s. net.

THIS is a new edition of a book that has been out of print for many years. The history of the young colony, which did not become part of the British Empire till 1839, though Cook visited it in 1769, is fascinating to read. Mr. Reeves has, of course, intimate personal knowledge of the political and economic developments of the colony in later years. For the earlier times he has gathered information from trustworthy sources, and woven his material into a story at once clear and attractive. The section entitled 'The Long White Cloud' gives a picture of the islands which alone would make the book worth reading.

The history of the Maori race, the adventures of the early navigators and settlers, and the wars of the natives while the country was still independent have so much of romance that it is at first difficult to realize that this is the actual history of what is now a most progressive colony. In later chapters we have full descriptions of the achievements of the many makers of New Zealand, of Wakefield and Grey, Vogel, McKenzie, and Seddon. In all disputed questions the author has definite views of his own. For one who was actively concerned in the movements of his time his impartiality and his power of self-effacement are remarkable.

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during the last twenty years have been contributed by Mr. Cecil J. Wray. One of these briefly describes the part played by the colony during the Great War. The book is well printed, and a special map illustrative of the last Maori war is helpful. The general map of the colony at the end is hardly worthy of the book.

## SHORTER NOTICES

*Life in the Occupied Area.* By Katharine Tynan. Hutchinson. 18s. net.

THIS is a shrewd little study of post-war conditions on the Rhine. The author spent some months in Cologne, and also visited Brunshaupten, on the Baltic, and the Ruhr. Her sympathies were aroused, chiefly in the interests of the women and children, by the privations of the Germans whom she came to know. Their friendliness and dependence on British chivalry would inevitably produce some such reaction on a gentle disposition; and it was impossible for her to be blind to the blunders of the Allies in their treatment of an unfortunate, if mistaken, people.

The book is written in the bright, amusing style affected by this author, and as an intimate relation of the lives of British civilians in Germany it is well worth reading.

*The Rise of Louis Napoleon.* By F. A. Simpson. Longmans. 15s. net.

THIS able and impartial study of the Emperor Louis Napoleon was first published at the end of 1909, when it was reviewed at length in these columns. There had previously been no complete record of his life, and the truth had been obscured by the various theories expounded regarding his early years. Mr. Simpson has all the qualities of a historian. His design in writing this book was to prove that Louis Napoleon succeeded because he deserved success: he was, one might say, a gambler and an opportunist; but his astuteness and courage brought their reward, and so far as he achieved his purpose, he had to thank himself and his own personality rather than the tradition surrounding his name. The book is extremely well written.

*The Oxford Book of Russian Verse.* Chosen by the Hon. Maurice Baring. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.

THIS, the latest of an admirable series of anthologies, is a very representative body of Russian verse, nearly all taken from poets of the nineteenth century. Very few of them are known, except by name, outside the borders of their own country, even in translation, but it may be hoped that this volume may serve as an introduction to a larger public. Mr. Baring's taste is unexceptionable, and we are especially glad to see among the poems selected four from Tyntcheff, hitherto appreciated only by a small circle abroad. The introduction has some well-expressed criticism, sound but thought-provoking, on the general literary aspect of the nineteenth century, as well as on the particular merits of Russian poetry, and Prince Mirsky has added some useful notes on the writers. We wonder how the reformed Russian spelling and alphabet will affect the classics of their language.

*The Immortal Salient.* A Historical Record and Complete Guide for Pilgrims to Ypres. Compiled by Lieut.-General Sir William Pulteney and Beatrix Brice. With a Preface by Field Marshal the Earl of Ypres. Murray. 5s. net.

NOW that a new Ypres has arisen upon the ruins of the old, some such guide as this is a necessity if those who see it for the first time wish to identify the places made memorable by the endurance of

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*A Plea for Monogamy.* By DR. WILFRID LAY. 10/6 net. "The sheer, blind selfishness of the average husband and the misery it causes him are the reasons for my writing this book. If a man used one-tenth the intellect in his marital relations that he does in his business and in his inventions, the latter would not be half as necessary as they seem to be, and he would himself be infinitely happier."—THE AUTHOR.

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*The Opera.* By R. A. STREATFEILD. New Edition, revised and brought down to date by E. J. DENT. About 8/6 net. A complete account, with a critical analysis, of all the opera-plots still of interest or played in the modern repertory; making a history of Opera for the musician or the general reader.

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NOTE.—"Every serious student of psychology ought to read it, and supplement it by reading *The Growth of the Mind*, by Prof. K. Koffkap, which joins up the results with the study of child-psychology."—*Nation*.

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## Shorter Notices (continued)

our armies during the war. A short history of each battle of Ypres is given, and a detailed catalogue follows of the different routes to and from the town, with mention of every place of special interest in the Salient, every cemetery and landmark, under the names given to them by the British "tommies." Captain Carpenter also gives an account of the blocking of Zeebrugge. The selection of maps, diagrams, and pictures is excellent; nothing could be clearer or more useful to those visiting the now almost unrecognizable battlefields of Flanders. Sir Philip Gibbs has written a Foreword briefly outlining the chief incidents of the war in this area.

*Pen and Ink.* By Guy N. Pocock. Dent. 2s. 6d. net.

THIS book deserves to be read with attention by the older schoolboy or the young man who desires to write creditably, whether his desire be to catch the public eye or merely to use his skill for the delight and benefit of his friends. There is a pleasing absence of hard-and-fast rules for style, but a plentiful supply of suggestions for the development and improvement of the neophytic natural gifts. At the same time the author is generous in his provision of warnings. His "don'ts" should bar the way to many pitfalls that await the unwary, and his illustrations of "what not to do" are, as a rule, wisely chosen.

In addition to general advice, the book contains special chapters on several branches of the literary arts: for example, the writing of letters, essays, and short stories. There is a brief but exceptionally good article on *précis* writing which should be of interest to many. The author concludes with a number of short studies of the work and style of some contemporary writers.

*Egypt under the Egyptians.* By Murray Harris. Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. HARRIS'S book is interesting as a commentary on the new state of affairs in Egypt. It deserves wide publicity, for the more widely the British world realizes the disastrous consequences of our thoughtless abandonment of Egypt to its own devices in 1922, the less likelihood is there of such a tragic mistake being committed in the future.

Egypt is falling back steadily and surely into the old oriental rut from which British administration had saved it. Its public services are falling into decay. Irrigation and the railway system alike are sinking to inefficiency, and the future state of public health is seriously menaced by the *laissez-faire* methods of an eastern race released from effective supervision and control. The author reviews the various political questions that have divided Great Britain and the Egyptians. His revelations emphasize the fact that our blunder was the result of vacillation and a spirit of cowardice which it is surely of importance to trace to its source.

*The Eastern Question.* By J. A. R. Marriott. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.

THE third edition of Mr. Marriott's excellent 'Historical Study in European Diplomacy,' contains an additional epilogue which brings the tale of Turkey in Europe down to yesterday. Since its first edition in 1917 the book has been invaluable to all students of the political situation in the Near East. It contains an accurate and interesting account of the earliest arrival of the Turks in Europe, the blossoming and ultimate decay of the Ottoman power, and the gradual rise of the Balkan nationalities which have largely supplanted it. It is probably the best analysis of its subject extant, and it may be hoped that its author will be able from time to time to keep it up to date.

## MOTORING

## TRADE CO-OPERATION

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

CO-OPERATION is widely advocated as a necessary precedent to commercial progress, and it is remarkable how widely it is increasing among trade groups in different industries—a tendency which is for the good of both the manufacturers and the consumers. The British motor industry is an example. Arising out of the closer contact that grew up between British motor manufacturers during the war, this industry was one of the first to form a research association under the scheme devised by the Government for the purpose of conducting scientific work. The benefits accruing have been available equally to all the participating manufacturers, and have been largely responsible for the high reputation that British motors enjoy to-day. This co-operation has since been evident in the advertisement campaign, which British motor manufacturers have been conducting jointly for some time past, urging the British public to "Buy British Motors," which term includes not only private cars, but commercial motor vehicles. The arguments that have been put before possible purchasers have been varied. Naturally the fact that the majority of British manufacturers insist on maintaining a high standard of quality has been emphasized. Trustworthiness follows on quality, and our system of taxation has been such as to encourage the use of highly efficient engines, with resultant economy in fuel. Even though British lorries are not built solely for use on British roads, it is natural that the home product should be thoroughly suitable for home conditions.

\* \* \*

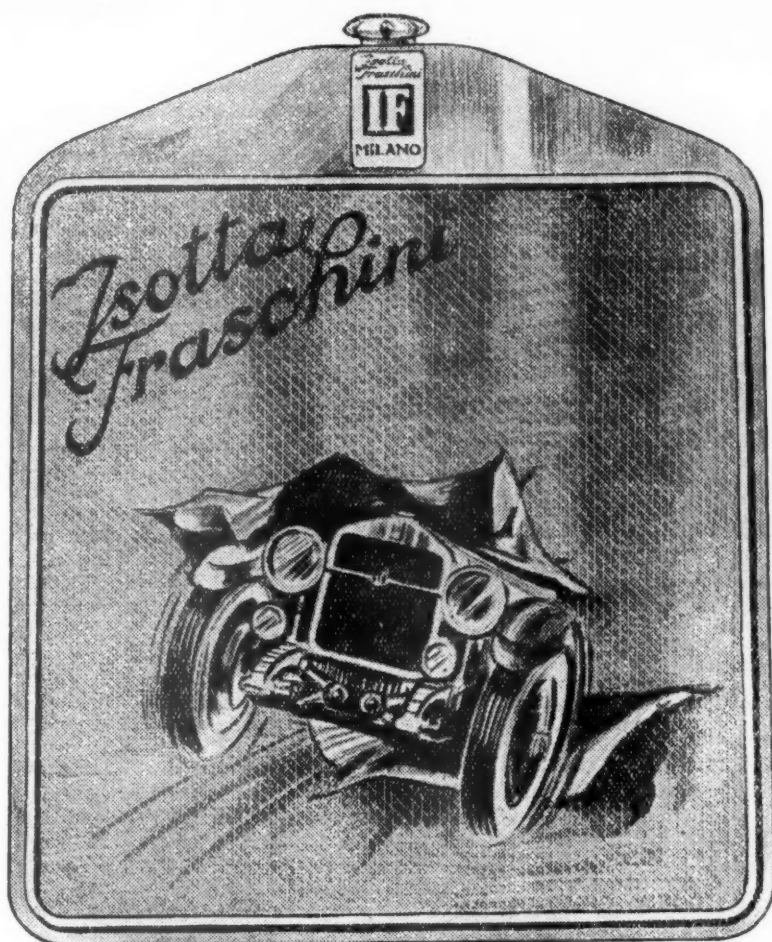
It is convenient for the owner to feel that the manufacturer is within a reasonable distance of him, and can be called upon for personal service in the event of accident or the necessity for a periodical overhaul, and also for the prompt despatch of spare parts. British coachwork and accessories are universally acknowledged to be of exceptionally high quality, and these facts, taken in conjunction with trustworthiness and durability of the chassis, all contribute towards getting a good selling price for the old car when it is superseded by a newer model. As regards employment of British labour, every British citizen should do the right thing, if possible, and in this case he will benefit at least indirectly by so doing. If he helps to keep British workers employed by purchasing a British car, therefore, he is contributing his bit towards carrying out a practical policy which will relieve him and others from part of the excessive burden of taxation.

\* \* \*

It is consistent with the dignity of a great British industry that the campaign briefly outlined above has not been made to embody any sort of attack on the competitors of the home industry. There has been no suggestion that because a lorry is foreign it is necessarily inferior, or that if low priced it is necessarily of bad quality. The British manufacturers have contented themselves by stating their case in an absolutely moderate manner, hoping thereby to encourage the more extensive purchase of British motors on their merits. This would benefit all branches of the industry and particularly the workers, a very large proportion of whom are skilled, who are dependent upon the prosperity of this industry for their livelihood.

\* \* \*

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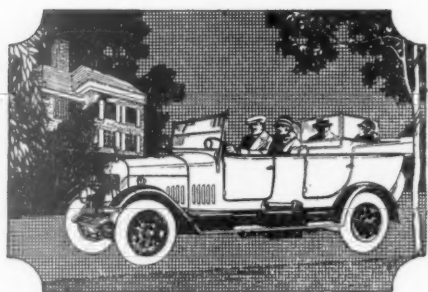
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the wireless business, which he wishes should rank as one of the protected industries under the Safeguarding scheme. Recently a sample of "headphones" was submitted to him at four shillings each (20,000 were available at this price); another sample from a German maker at five shillings and threepence each; and a third sample from another source at five shillings each. The German manufacturer had already disposed of about a quarter of a million instruments at that price, yet British manufacturers could not produce them at less than four times this amount.

\* \* \*

On Tuesday evening the Royal Automobile Club held a demonstration of various devices designed to counteract the dazzle effect of the standard type of head-lamp used on motor vehicles. The display took place in Richmond Park, by permission of the Home Office, and was attended by a large number of officials, Members of Parliament, and prominent motorists. Mr. H. G. Bailey, chairman of the Technical Committee of the R.A.C., addressed those present on the objects that induced the presentation of these anti-dazzle devices. In his speech Mr. Bailey pointed out that it would be better for the motor-using community to adopt voluntarily some of these devices which seemed efficient in their anti-dazzling lighting than to have compulsory regulation. It was only those devices which did not lessen the actual driving light that were approved by the R.A.C. They had definitely come to that decision after a large number of tests had been made. At this demonstration eighteen certificated devices were demonstrated, and sixteen others which had not yet been officially certified or tested by the R.A.C. Whether the various official visitors to this demonstration were able to pick out suitable devices to apply to official motor vehicles did not transpire during the course of the demonstration, which lasted from 8.30 p.m. until 10.30 p.m. But, as the R.A.C. announced, it was only the example of leading motorists and officials in this country fitting suitable anti-dazzle devices to their motor vehicles that would persuade the general public to follow in their steps.

\* \* \*

It will be interesting to see whether the Members of Parliament present will fit one or other of the devices displayed on their own vehicles, to say nothing of the Club officials concerned with these technical matters. Among the certificated devices shown under actual road conditions were the A-L focus device of Allen Liversidge; the Moonbeam lamps of the Pyrene Co.; the Parabolite front lens of Major M. F. Bingham; the Barker's dipping device; and the Baker's annular anti-dazzle device designed by Dr. Ernest Esdaile. It will be seen that the difficulties of preventing dazzle were overcome by several different and distinct methods. It would appear, therefore, that until the motor manufacturer provides his customers with cars fitted with one or other of these anti-dazzle devices, in the same way that he provides brakes, horn and lamps, the adoption of them is bound to be very slow. Judging by the present desire of motorists to have cars with brakes on all four wheels because it is safer as well as more fashionable, the same enthusiasm may result from the adoption of anti-dazzle lamps or devices by leading motorists in this country.

**FORTHCOMING PLAYS**

QUEENSBORO' CLUB THEATRE. "French Players" season. On Sunday, March 1.

CAMBRIDGE. French Society in 'Le Malade Imaginaire.' On Tuesday, March 3.

LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH. 'The Rivals.' On Thursday, March 5, and subsequently.



## ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for the Acrostic Competition will in future be on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 156.

WOE TO THE LUCKLESS BARQUE ENGULFED IN OUR WILD WATERS!

1. Framed for instruction of our little sons and daughters.
2. For honey widely known in the brave days of old.
3. To party false, or faith,—a wanderer from the fold.
4. Of houses or of lands this list implies possession.
5. Transpose one who pursues a very base profession.
6. "Fill high the sparkling bowl, the rich repast prepare."
7. Leaves I do well without; my stems resemble hair.
8. Unlearned as he is, that rant I can't away with.
9. When does a miser give his children pearls to play with?

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 154.

First of the Quarter.

TWO FAMOUS HEADLANDS: ONE ON SPANISH GROUND,  
THE OTHER IN SOUTH AFRICA IS FOUND.

1. Petulant, hasty, waspish, fiery, hot.
2. Some deem it Holy Writ, but others not.
3. On this, in life's fair dawn, our grandsires throve.
4. At Brighton you may find me, or at Hove.
5. A Cornish town, from which a river part.
6. Of little value,—just extract its heart.
7. Helpless, unfledged, but O how snugly lying!
8. Love-lorn he wanders, like a furnace sighing.
9. Malayan skill prepares it for our use.
10. Thus have I seen a turkey, or a goose.
11. Than this, dear friends, what nation has done better?
12. He changed his faith, we've changed his final letter.
13. Makes rough things smooth, when by deft hand applied.
14. From prying eyes great secrets it may hide.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 154.

C holeri C  
A pocryph A  
P a P  
E splanad E  
F Owey<sup>1</sup>  
tr I Fle

<sup>1</sup> In Surrey there is a River Wey:—  
"Chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave."  
POPE, Windsor Forest.

N estlin G  
I namorat O<sup>3</sup>  
S ag O<sup>3</sup>  
T rusae D  
E nglis H  
R enegad O<sup>4</sup>  
R as P  
E nvelop E

"The lover,  
Sighing like a furnace."  
As You Like It. Act 2, sc. 7.

<sup>3</sup> The best sago is refined by a process  
known only to the Malays.

<sup>4</sup> Now spelt renegade.

ACROSTIC No. 154.—The winner is Mr. A. W. Cooke, 96 Abington Street, Northampton, who has chosen as his prize "Piracy in the Ancient World," by H. A. Ormerod, published by Hodder and Stoughton, and reviewed in our columns on February 14. Twenty-one other competitors selected this book, 44 named Gorki's "Reminiscences of My Youth," 21 "Life—and Erica," 11 "Turf Memories of Sixty Years," 15 "Sir Thomas More: The Utopia," etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Baldersby, T. E. Thomas, J. Chambers, Mrs. Woodward, Mrs. A. Lole, Varach, Baitho, Mrs. Paget, Dodeka, Doric, L. H. Hughes, H. M. Vaughan, Plumbago, Carlton, Beechworth, M. Haydon, Twyford, Quis, G. W. Miller, Zyk, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Pussy, East Sheen, C. J. Warden, Dolmar, Hely Owen, Polamar, Yewden, G. P. Lamont, Kirkton, Mormor, W. H. Fearis, Monks Hill, Old Mancunian, N. O. Sellam, Roid, Melville, Lillian, Iago, Gay, Barberry, Met, Bordyke, Boskerris, H. J. M. Leigh Criddle, Vixen, Zoozoo, Crucible, M. Story, Vron, Trike, Ruth Bevan, F. M. Petty, Martha, and Ceyx.

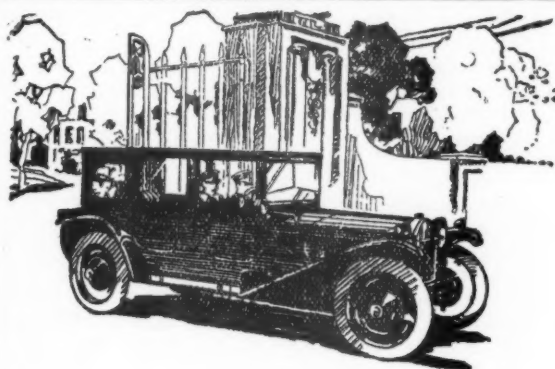
ONE LIGHT WRONG: C. E. C., G. M. Fowler, C. M. G., Nosredla, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Jeff, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Miss Kelly, Peter, Tyro, J. Lennie, B. Alder, Madge, J. R. Cripps, Igidie, Margaret, R. H. Boothroyd, Shorwell, E. Barrett, Jay, Mrs. J. Butler, Canon Nance, A. de V. Blathwayt, Jop, Oakapple, J. Sutton, A. E. K. Wherry, Hetrians, H. de R. Morgan, Rho Kappa, W. R. Wolseley, Maud Crowther, and C. H. Burton.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: E. G. Horner, L. M. Maxwell, Glamis, R. Eccles, Mrs. Whitaker, J. D. T., Bolo, Viking, Vera Hope, M. B., F. Sheridan Lea, Carrie, Hanworth, J. E. Goudge, R. Ransom, A. M. W. Maxwell, F. J. Patmore, Chip, Cory, John Coope, and Miss Leman. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 153.—Correct: Tyro, St. Ives, Sansovino.

CEYX.—None; but, as Byron says, "Sometimes, Monarchs are less imperative than rhymes." (2) Yes, as stated.

G. W. M.—Both were accepted. Haddock and Invertebrate were your two errors. (2) Forget where I found the phrase "hook-nosed Will." Dryden has "old Nassau's hook-nosed head."



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## CITY NOTES

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

IT is interesting to notice how the "fashions" in investments change, year by year. Not so long ago the word "investment" was limited to Trustee Stocks. Then Gilt-Edged Stocks, not actually Trustee Stocks, were added. The next phase was for Home Rails, which was followed by American Rails. A few years before the war Japanese issues became the fashion. Since the war we have had the "Reconstruction Loans" fashion, and the better class Industrials, such as Imps, Bats, and Courtaulds. (I do not refer to the minor and very expensive fashions, which included Russian Bonds and Mexican and Brazilian issues.) It is difficult to foresee what the future fashions will be. I am wondering, however, if Japanese Bonds will not once more return to popularity. The earthquake started the fall in the price of these bonds, which has been augmented by the fall in the yen. The pre-war sterling value of the yen was 2s. 0<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d. The following table shows how the Japanese currency has fluctuated in the last seven years:

February 1919	...	...	2s. 2d.
" 1920	...	...	2s. 10 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> d.
" 1921	...	...	2s. 6d.
" 1922	...	...	2s. 2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> d.
" 1923	...	...	2s. 1d.
" 1924	...	...	2s. 1 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> d.

This week the yen is 1s. 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d. I think that during the next six months we may see an improvement in the yen. This would probably lead to an increased interest in Japanese Bonds, the present prices of which are as follows:

		Due.	Price.
Japanese 4% (1905)	...	1931	87 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
Japanese 4% (1899)	...	1954	63
Japanese 5% (1907)	...	1947	82 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
Japanese 4% (1910)	...	1970	62 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
Japanese 6% (1924)	...	1959	90
S. Manchurian Railway 5%	...	1932	91 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
S. Manchurian Railway 4 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> %	...	1936	83
S. Manchurian Railway 5%	...	1948	81 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>

*"A PROMISING SPECULATION"*

Under this heading on February 7 I suggested to those who wished to indulge in a mining gamble, that the Ordinary shares of Akim, Ltd., were worth buying at 14s. 9d. The company owns alluvial gold areas, and is largely interested in the West African Diamond fields. Gold reefs have also been located on the property. The recent buying is said to have emanated from Liverpool, and is based on an appreciation of the potentialities of the company. I recommended these shares on information received personally from a friend on the property. While emphasizing the very speculative nature of the enterprise, I believe that the shares, the denomination of which is £1, should stand at a premium in the near future. The present price is about 18s. 3d.

*THE RHODESIAN CONGO BORDER*

Those who like to hold shares with unlimited possibilities of capital appreciation tempered with a fair speculative risk should not overlook the £1 Ordinary shares of the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession, Limited. These £1 shares, which stand at about 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>s., may one day rise to several times their present price;

on the other hand, results may not fulfil anticipation, in which case holders might have to face a nasty loss. I give both eventualities, for although personally very hopeful of the Company's future there is no denying the fact that considerable work must be done before the value of the concession can be considered proved. The Company was formed on February 16, 1923, to carry out a working arrangement with the British South Africa Company for a period of seven years from January 1, 1923. Under this arrangement the Concessionaires have the exclusive right to all minerals that may be found in a territory approximating 50,000 square miles in size, extending across the northern portion of Northern Rhodesia, and adjoining the Katanga frontier. So far, while engineers and prospectors have been working in various parts of the concession with favourable results, the main effort has been concentrated on what is known as the N'changa area. This is said to contain considerable possibilities and should subsequent developments continue favourable, it is probable that a separate Company will be formed to work the area. Experts believe that a rich copper belt, having for its northern boundary the Tanganyika mine and for its south eastern boundary the B'wana M'Kubwa, traverses the Company's concession. If this proves correct the Company has a rosy future. One of its strong points is the Board of Directors, who represent some of the largest mining groups in this country and America.

*COURTAULD*

The confidence that I have in the past expressed in the future of Courtauld has been fully justified this week. The figures for the year ending December 31, 1924, have been published, and show an exceptionally strong position. The profits amount to £3,880,745, after carrying £400,000 to special reserve account for insurance, and £250,000 to a pension reserve. This compares with a profit of £2,916,950 for the year ending December 31, 1923, when a similar amount was allocated to insurance reserve, but no allowance was made for pension reserve. The actual profit thus shows an increase of £1,213,795. The directors have decided to carry £1,000,000 to general reserve account and to pay a final dividend on the Ordinary shares of 2s. 9d. free of tax. Last August an interim dividend of 1s. 3d. free of tax was paid, and in addition there was a bonus issue of Preference shares. Ignoring the bonus, the cash distribution of 4s. a share is equivalent to a yield of 5% free of tax at 80s. In view of the fact that the price of Courtauld shares rose 10s. on the publication of these figures, holders may be in a quandary as to what they should do with their shares. My opinion is that they should retain them, as I see no reason why the price should not reach £5 this year.

*UNION CORPORATION*

At the end of March or early in April the Union Corporation will declare their final dividend. An interim dividend of 1s. 6d. has been paid. If the final dividend is 3s. 6d., we shall have received 5s. for the year, which at the present price of 47s. shows a yield of over 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>%. The position of this company is exceptionally sound, and, in view of the nature and diversity of its interests, I think that its shares would be more adequately valued on a 8% basis. In these circumstances, a purchase of Union corporation should show capital appreciation in the next three months.

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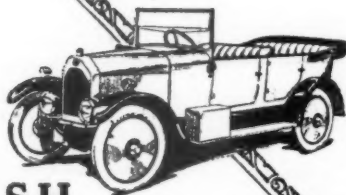
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Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge (chairman and managing director), who presided, said: Ladies and gentlemen,—Our balance-sheet shows a profit for the past year of £353,399 6s. 10d., to which is to be added the carried forward amount of £146,110 8s. 3d., making a total available of £499,509 15s. 1d. But before discussing the several items in the balance-sheet shall we briefly review those conditions prevailing here which so directly affect a distributing business like this.

All local businesses, in this or any other country, depend upon the buying ability of the public, and ever since the autumn of 1920 that ability in this country has been low. The incomes of the individual or the family have been depleted by very high taxation—the highest in the world—and costs have increased in nearly every direction, while, as we all know, work has been far from plentiful and great numbers have necessarily been idle. When one realizes that within a radius of ten miles of this store live over 10,000,000 people upon whose custom the stores and shops of London depend, and the reduction in money-spending ability of only one penny a day each would amount in a year to many millions of pounds sterling, one then sees how vital to good trade is the financial contentment of the people.

## THE ACCOUNTS.

Our profits are greater than last year by a little over £22,000, but last year's profit and loss sheet was helped by a balance from excess profits duties of about £13,000. Therefore, if we are making a fair comparison we can claim an increase in profits for the past year of £35,000.

Our balance-sheets are never prepared for window-dressing purposes. We charge to our current expense account all such items as income-tax (a very large item), all remunerations and salaries, all maintenance charges, bank interest, certain and large depreciations, etc. Such items, not infrequently, are subtracted after the profit balance has been struck.

The various accounts in the balance-sheet show no great changes from those of a year ago. The amounts charged to buildings and fixtures are, of course, higher, but our depreciations of these are large and continual.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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